THE NATION

March 7, 1966 . . 35c

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CHINA CONFERENCE

The Dragon: Myths and Realities

Stanley Spector
J. Hartwell Moore

THE BIG SHOOT

Robert G. Sherrill

Reviews

Mayakovsky & Yevtushenko
Margaret Dalton

California's Minstrels
Lloyd Zimpel

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LETTERS

The ailment

New York City

Dear Sirs: I used to write your television column. You doubted then that the medium was worth the space you gave it. Now you know that your doubts were well founded. C.B.S. told you so when it decided to give viewers an *I Love Lucy* rerun and cancel out the Senate hearings on Vietnam, and when it accepted Fred Friendly's subsequent resignation.

C.B.S. has told the world that television uses the public air primarily for private gain. . . . On a minor scale, there are many such incidents each week at all three networks. It is a symptom of the disease which pervades the commercial television industry.

C.B.S. did not intend to advertise the ailment quite so widely. The public exposure was due to one man's integrity. . . . Fred Friendly gave viewers some remarkable electronic journalism. He struggled against encroachments of the public weal, built toward a better use of air time, continued his savage hope that television would come to recognize the full dimensions of its public trust. He was committed to a decent use of the air. It was no small straw that broke his back at C.B.S., no simple matter of having his copy cut by the advertising department, as James Reston suggested in *The New York Times*. . . . Friendly's act transcends the personal. There is a world in crisis and every man's right to know as much about it as he can is at stake. No amount of network blandishments should be allowed to obscure the meaning of one man's bravery. If people want the kind of programing which Friendly and others of his caliber have proved can be provided, they can have it. But they have to insist on it, to Paley, Stanton and their counterparts at N.B.C. and A.B.C. Then, perhaps, television will serve the public's interest instead of being further served by its indifference.

Anne Langman Simon

Puritans and Indians

Homestead, Fla.

Dear Sirs: William Eastlake's review of Alden T. Vaughan's *New England Frontier* [*The Nation*, Jan. 3], attacked by history professor Thomas R. West [*The Nation*, Jan. 17] and Mr. Vaughan [*The Nation*, Feb. 7] as a "liberal polemic" and a "cops-and-robbers view," is simply a plain statement of the basic truth about the nature of the conflict between the Puritans and the Indians of New England. The Puritans actually *were*, by and large, a fast-multiplying pack of religious bigots . . . who muscled in on the Indians and by fair means and foul, mostly foul, deprived them of their land and their lives. . . .

These matters are of more than antiquarian interest and may not be relinquished to the specialists; the Puritan conquest and extermination of the New England Indians provided a model for the attack upon the remaining Indians of North America, an attack still in progress today under the guise of a legality as phony as that of the Puritans. . . .

One may sympathize with the Indians or with the whites in this long struggle, as one's sense of justice dictates; but in any case it is surely the role of a "tough and skeptical liberalism," advocated by Professor West, to acknowledge the plain truth of the affair. . . .

Edward Abbey

Socks and shaving lotion

Lawrence, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Not long ago, readers of another well-known periodical were treated to the vital information that a famous author stowed his dirty socks and underwear on the top of his hotel-room bureau for all to see. Now David Markson ["Malcolm Lowry: A Reminiscence," *The Nation*, Feb. 7] finds it pertinent to regale us with tales of Malcolm Lowry, such as the one concerning his need to drink shaving lotion. How different this is, for example, from the compassionate and integrally necessary passages in Constantine FitzGibbon's *The Life of Dylan Thomas*. . . . One cannot help wondering whether Mr. Markson is genuinely interested in adding to our understanding of Mr. Lowry, or in indicating the level of his own intimacy with him, and, perhaps, his own sober superiority. . . .

Elaine B. Levin

Midas touch

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Rep. Henry S. Reuss ("Research: The Midas Touch," *The Nation*, Jan. 17), in his successful attempt to point out the detrimental effects of university research support on its educational aims, has failed to recognize one important feature of federal policy and its role in deteriorating educational institutions. Federal agencies provide part of the salary for faculty in some, but not all universities, and the proportion of support has never been standardized. The net result has been rapid shifts of personnel based upon institutional policy (due to unequal salary scales determined by inequitable federal support). The examples chosen by Mr. Reuss are particularly useful in this context.

Lawrence Kruger

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China Next

Politics being what it is, no President can admit that he is leading the country into a great war, and indeed he may fervently wish to avoid such a disaster. Even Franklin D. Roosevelt vowed that no American boy would ever die by any act of his, but it was quite clear that the end point of the foreign policy he was following—however justified each individual step—would be war, and that the war would probably start in the Pacific. President Johnson assuredly does not want a war with Communist China, but he is edging closer and closer to it, and the assurances of General Taylor and other Administration spokesmen that the Chinese are unlikely to march are becoming less and less convincing.

If war comes on this scale, the American people cannot complain they were not warned well in advance. Roger Hilsman, Under Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs in the Kennedy and early Johnson Administrations, recently said that war with Red China is inevitable if the United States continues on its present course. In Hilsman's view, it is no longer a question of whether, but when. Walter Lippmann writes that as the theatre of war is widened, "it is well-nigh inevitable that the United States will find itself confronting China in a land war on the mainland of Asia." And Richard Starnes, pointing out that it is a historical fact that the U.S. has never succeeded in reaching a "suitable pitch of war fever without first enduring some monstrous attack," foresees some such incident as the sinking of an American aircraft carrier by submarines "presumably" Chinese.

Fortunately, some efforts are being made, albeit belatedly, to focus attention on our "non-policy" toward China. The conference discussed in this issue (p. 256) is by all odds the most significant and impressive effort yet made to awaken opinion on the urgent need for a realistic and rational American attitude toward China.

The Kennedy Initiative

The discussion on Vietnam which Sen. Robert Kennedy began on February 19 lacked the requisites of a really productive debate—a well-defined position on the part of each major participant and a resolute presentation of conflicting views. Mr. Kennedy's press conference seemed to promise such a development, nor was it entirely precluded by his subsequent TV appearance, which may have helped to dispel the simplistic views which a good many Americans hold on the Vietnamese situation. But soon confusion set in, not because of differences of opinion but because everyone, including Senator Kennedy, was too eager to smooth over the differences. Everyone, that is, except Vice President Humphrey who, analogizing from afar, was just plain silly.

Nevertheless, Kennedy's initiative, following on the heels of the instructive hearings of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, has had some good effects. He gave the appearance of a man honestly trying to reason his way out of a dilemma, instead of one trying to fight his way out, which under cover of much lofty posturing is what President Johnson has been doing. Kennedy made it clear that there are no easy options, that the most satisfactory solution will still be unsatisfactory. We can pull out; we can carry on a war that is certain to spread and mount in intensity, with incalculable casualties and increasing danger of Chinese intervention; or we can offer sufficient inducements to our opponents to bring them to the conference table. Clearly our overtures so far have fallen short, because, as Kennedy said, we have failed to recognize the realities of the situation. To this end, Kennedy made a proposal often heard in the teach-ins on Vietnam but never from anyone in power—that we should try to put ourselves into the enemy's place. They have their troubles too, but it is idiotic to expect them to discuss unconditional surrender—which, behind all the mumbo jumbo, is the *ignis fatuus* we have been chasing.

Besides, we ourselves need to know what we are prepared to do. If we are not willing, psychologically and politically, to accept a genuine accommodation, there is no point in seeking a conference. If, even to many Americans, our actions seem to belie our words, is it surprising that they seem to do so to the North Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front? Propaganda aside, that is their conviction and, at least in part, it explains their recalcitrance. We say we want no territory, no "permanent" military bases, but the military massif we have brought into being in South Vietnam and Thailand strongly suggests that our real objective is to strengthen our "containment" of China and to keep on strengthening it. Do we want a neutral, unified Vietnam in the spirit of the Geneva conference, or a Vietnam divided into hostile armed camps? Do we really want a "free and independent" South Vietnam, or one controlled by a regime directly dependent on us and backed up, at all times, by a formidable military presence? At times Dean Rusk has left the impression that his precondition for "free elections" would be a South Vietnam so devastated and terrorized that the Vietcong and all their sympathizers, adherents and dependents would flee to the north. The way would then be clear for Marshal Ky and his associates, or their successors, to stage a plebiscite with a foregone outcome.

We cannot drive the Vietcong north. Against almost insuperable odds, they are as determined to kill us as we are to kill them. For the most part they are fighting on their own soil, in the villages where they were born, and they are fighting as Americans would under the same circumstances. Nor can we expect

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them to have nothing to say about the conditions under which genuine free elections might be held; much less can we expect them to knuckle under to Ky in the interim period. So we had better descend from the cloudland of fantasy and self-deception and face facts.

Ironically, our policy makers are the captives of fictions they themselves have propagated. The realities elude them because they feel compelled to talk as though South Vietnam were a real national entity, with a government chosen by the South Vietnamese. They cannot afford to concede that the NLF exists as a political force which actually controls and administers much of South Vietnam. Senator Kennedy has shaken the consensus which has permitted these fictions to dominate our thinking. Now, perhaps, the Administration will find it easier to acknowledge publicly that some sort of accommodation must be accepted, and raise their bid to a level that reflects the true situation.

Rising Pressures

Outwardly the Fulbright hearings may appear to have had little impact on Administration policy; there are even those who say that the hearings actually strengthened the President's hand. It must be conceded that the probing was limited and inept and that no clear alternatives were developed. There will be little immediate impact in Congress; the military and aid appropriations will be voted. But here Congress really has no alternative. It must provide "the boys at the front" with whatever the Pentagon says they need.

All the same, the Fulbright hearings have transformed the political situation. A large public was made vividly aware, through television, of the nature of the misgivings that critics of the Administration policy in the Senate have about what is being done in Vietnam. At the same time, the hearings, because they were viewed by a large audience, forced Administration spokesmen to be a bit more precise than they have been and, at the same time to sound a little less warlike. More important, the hearings set the stage for Senator Kennedy's statement which confronted—and may yet confront—the Administration with what has heretofore been lacking in the opposition: a clear political threat. The statement was a bid for leadership of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party; it challenged the Vice President even more directly than it challenged the President.

Both the Fulbright hearings and the Kennedy statement will stimulate the mounting popular opposition which, in turn, will feed back to the Congress. There is bound to be an interaction between Congressional opposition and popular opposition. If the Republicans can curb their fanatics and manage to appear to be no more aggressive than the President, they stand to benefit from whatever reaction develops to Administration policies between now and November. This consideration, in turn, will bring added pressure on the Administration. If it responds to this pressure by widening the war and by further escalation, popular opposition will mount as the casualties increase. On the other hand, if it gets a conference under way, the popular opposition would tend to abate and the Republicans would probably be forced to muffle their criticism during negotiations, which might be protracted, and a cease-fire in itself would be popular.

Other factors are developing. For example, pressure will be exerted by independent candidacies, such as Ronnie Dugger's announced candidacy for the Senate in Texas. At the same time that the CDC bowed to the tactical necessity of removing Si Casady to aid Governor Brown's bid for re-election, it adopted a strong resolution against the war and will call a convention of like-minded groups to mobilize still further pressure for a settlement. The Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, through a committee headed by Norman Thomas and Rev. William S. Coffin, has initiated a "voter's pledge" campaign that has a fine potential. The campaign will culminate in a conference in Washington on April 30 at which delegates will be briefed on how to work for peace in Vietnam in this year's election. At this conference, the number of signed pledges will be announced. The pledge is a simple one but the intention is clear; it should win broad acceptance. The pledge reads:

> *I pledge to support and vote for candidates in 1966 who agree to work vigorously: (1) for U.S. steps to scale down the fighting and achieve a cease-fire; for U.S. initiatives to encourage negotiations with all concerned parties including the Vietcong (NLF); and for a settlement which permits the Vietnamese people freely to work out their own future; (2) for the use of international agencies to settle disputes among nations; and for avoidance of military intervention in the affairs of other nations; (3) for the increasing use of our resources in constructive economic and social programs at home and abroad.*

Hoover's Successor

Rex Stout's *The Doorbell Rang*, which no doubt J. Edgar Hoover regards as a vicious lampoon, actually tells the sober truth about an institution that has become more powerful than the executive department to which it belongs. Successive Attorneys General have stepped warily whenever duty led them near the sacred precincts of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, for they have been keenly aware that Attorneys General come and go but J. Edgar Hoover goes on forever. Well, not quite forever—he is a year or more past retirement age and is rumored to have handpicked his successor. If one is to judge by a recent speech, his protégé will carry on, if appointed, in the Hoover tradition of covering the faults of the FBI with periodic ululations about the menace of communism which, despite the valiant efforts of Mr. Hoover and his 14,300 employees and a budget of almost $150 million, apparently keeps mounting.

Sen. Everett McKinley Dirksen is surely not one to ignore whatever residual peril still lurks in that quar-

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ter, but he may have a sneaking suspicion that J. Edgar has been pulling the wool over the eyes of credulous citizens during most of his forty years of service, and has thereby managed to create an imbalance in the Justice Department which should be redressed at the first opportunity. That will be when J. Edgar finally decides that, though the country can ill spare his services, the day has come when it must try. Anticipating the inevitable, Senator Dirksen on January 7, 1965, introduced S. 313, relating to the appointment of a new FBI director. The bill was reported out favorably from the Committee on the Judiciary and passed the Senate on May 24, 1965; it was then referred to the Committee on the Judiciary of the House of Representatives. This same bill also passed the Senate in June, 1963, but died in the House during the 88th Congress.

This legislation should be a matter of first priority in the present session. The bill itself can be read in twenty seconds. The malarkey in the covering report, lauding Mr. Hoover's achievements, may be profitably skipped, but here is the text: *"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled,* That, effective as of the day following the date on which the present incumbent in the office of Director ceases to serve as such, the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation shall be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and shall receive compensation at the rate prescribed for Level II of the Federal Executive Salary Schedule."

That is to say, J. Edgar Hoover is not to be permitted to perpetuate himself in office by nominating his successor for the President to appoint; rather, the appropriate Senate committee is to scrutinize whoever shall be nominated, hear objections to him, if any, and recommend his confirmation only if it finds him fit. The director of the FBI occupies an office as important as that of any federal judge, even Justices of the Supreme Court. The appointment, when it comes, should receive the most critical attention of the Senate, and preparation for it should be made now.

A Clerical Trade Union

We live in strange times. Most Americans think of the Catholic clergy as a hierarchical, rigidly disciplined group, comfortably supported by the Church and no more prone to rebellion than officers of the armed services. How bizarre, then, that a member of a body so consecrated and so inured to obedience should propose the organization of a trade union for priests and, by extension, for the clergy of other denominations. Yet the Rev. William H. DuBay has done so, and when one reads his arguments they do not sound as fantastic as one would expect.

Born in Long Beach, Calif., and ordained in that neighborhood in 1960, Father DuBay is a priest much transferred. His first parish was in Northridge, an upper-middle-class section of the Southland, where he promptly got into trouble over his pronounced anti-racist views. Transferred to La Canada nearby, he asked for a transfer to Kenya, where his services had been requested. The aged James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, archbishop of Los Angeles, told him that if he wished to work with "those people" he would transfer him to a parish in Compton, one of the less glamorous suburbs of the area, and this was done. There the celebrated incident occurred, again over racial issues, which resulted in Father DuBay's writing a letter to the Pope asking for the Cardinal's replacement as archbishop. The Cardinal was not removed, and Father DuBay went to another parish, this one in Anaheim. From there he wrote a letter to the *National Catholic Reporter* saying, in effect: If you think we don't do right by Negroes you should see how we treat Mexican-Americans, 90 per cent of whom are Catholics! That did it. He was suspended by the Cardinal, later reinstated on condition that he become chaplain of St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica. Presumably it was thought that, ministering to the sick, he would settle down and be quiet, but here he is advocating a trade union for the clergy. (On the day he released this proposal, he was removed from the hospital post and made assistant to the pastor of St. Monica's Church in Santa Monica. This is his fifth job since he was ordained five years ago.)

Aside from the novelty of it, there are some interesting political aspects to Father DuBay's proposal. One is that the Catholic Church has greater influence in organized labor than any other denomination. It was predictable that Catholic instructors would sooner or later organize, as they have done at St. John's University in New York—the first such union in a Catholic institution. Lay instructors are increasing at Catholic schools and will continue to increase, which in itself creates pressure for unionization. From this it is only a step, although a long one, to the unionization of the clergy in general.

According to Peter Bart, who interviewed Father DuBay for *The New York Times* (February 23), the objectives of a priestly union would be to bargain for the establishment of grievance machinery within the Church, a tenure policy to guarantee a hearing before a priest could be suspended, an end to "arbitrary and oppressive" transfers by chancery officials, a uniform leave policy, freedom of residence and establishment of "professional" salary for priests that would eliminate their "dependence on the wealthy," etc. Besides their food and lodging, priests—other than those who take vows of poverty—are said to receive salaries ranging from less than $100 to $150 a month.

Father DuBay insists that his union does not wish to unseat the hierarchy, any more than the UAW purposes to get rid of the management of General Motors. He concedes cheerfully that lots of priests are afraid of him—"they think I'm a nut." If he is again suspended, he says he will seek reinstatement under state and federal laws granting employees the right to organize. Whatever the outcome of Father DuBay's movement, he is forcing non-Catholics to revise their ideas about the internal structure of the Church.

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China Conference

THE DRAGON: Myths and Realities

Stanley Spector & J. Hartwell Moore

If Washington seems finally to have bowed to the demand for a public debate on Vietnam, there is still no sign that responsible officials want to talk seriously about China. More than sixteen years have passed since the Communist armies entered Peking in triumph and the war-weary Chinese placed their fortunes in the hands of the veterans from the hills and caves of Yenan. During this interval the Chinese population has grown at an estimated rate of 12 to 15 million each year, or by a total not much less than the present population of the United States. China's forces have directly engaged those of the United States in Korea; China has exploded two nuclear devices and has intruded on the international scene as a major contender for power and status. Its position and attitudes are now an essential ingredient in any formulas for peace — or war — yet the Administration shows no disposition to encourage citizens to think about what our relationship should be with that country.

Last month civic, educational and religious organizations throughout the Midwest took it upon themselves to bring to public view the realities and myths of China. This educational campaign took place in two major phases: Phase I was the China Conference, conducted at the University of Chicago's Center for Continuing Education (February 8-11). One hundred and forty laymen and China specialists convened in closed sessions to compare, evaluate and exchange information on Communist China today. Phase II consisted of a series of public meetings which were held immediately following the conference, in Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, Madison and Minneapolis. At each of these local meetings several experts who had served as panelists in Chicago joined local delegates to the conference in presenting and discussing the problems raised and views expressed at the earlier closed sessions.

Relations between the U. S. and the People's Republic of China have made it impossible for Americans to enter China, and although a great amount of information is available through Hong Kong, in scholarly journals and in the foreign press, the average citizen has little opportunity or inclination to do the information gathering job for himself. So the mountain came to Mohammed as some twenty-five experts from abroad, with recent experience in Mainland China, joined representatives of the American academic and business communities, the press and government agencies to present their observations and conclusions.

Among these were the British economists, Audrey Donnithorne and Joan Robinson; Jack Gray, professor of Modern Chinese Studies at the University of Glasgow; Michael Freeberne and Roderick Macfarquhar (editor, *China Quarterly*) and Dick Wilson (formerly, *Far Eastern Review*) from London; Professors C. P. Fitzgerald, the noted Sinologist and historian, and Myra Roper, both from Australia; James S. Duncan, C. M. G., former Deputy Minister of Defense for Air Ottawa; G. Leslie Willox, a Canadian surgeon who visited China in 1964; the Canadian journalists Mark Gayn and Charles Taylor; C. H. B. Oldham, a British member of the staff of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, Paris; Jan Myrdal, the Swedish author of *Report from a Chinese Village;* P. C. Mahalanobis, editor of the *Indian Journal of Statistics;* Josef Kolmas of the Oriental Institute, Prague; and (just back from three months in China), the novelist, Han Suyin of Hong Kong. The American panelists, names well known in the field of China scholarship were: Professors Norton Ginsburg, Peter Schran, Francis L. K. Hsu, Theodore E. Ch'en, Morton Halperin, John Lewis, Donald Klein, Ezra F. Vogel and William Gleysteen. Other participants were Edwin Jones (RAND Corporation), Leo Orleans (National Science Foundation), A. M. Halpern (Council on Foreign Relations, New York), and Paul Kriesberg (State Department).

When one adds to this list the hundred additional names of educators, foundation observers, State Department and Congressional committee staff members, editors, reporters, clergymen, civic leaders and plain citizens who comprised an "outer ring" of participants, it is clear that no consensus was to be expected. In fact, the ground rules of the meeting made clear that it was *not* to be a debate on American foreign policy, and that sweeping conclusions were not anticipated. Later, in the cities around the country, the issues of foreign policy could be debated, and the implications of the Chicago papers placed in the developing context.

At the conclusion of the first conference session ("China and the World Crisis") one visitor remarked that the participants seemed divided into two groups, "those who are objective and those who are subjective." The next morning a U. S. Government man made the same observation, but applied these tags to the opposite groups. In any case, this division seemed less striking than the contrast between those who had visited China recently and those who had not. Or to put it another way, between the Americans and all the rest. This is not to say that the Americans were invariably of one mind, or that visitors to China always agreed on what they had seen. At certain moments one could well wonder whether the speakers had, in fact, been to the same China (it is a valid enough doubt, considering the size and complexity of China and the pace of its change). Deep under, however, one glimpsed again a gulf that is familiar to our age: a stubborn adherence to a line (faith, myth) on the one side, and a naive acceptance of appearance on the other. The Americans, remote from China, tended to construct

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tortuous theories and models, to repeat banal incantations; and the returned visitors glowed with the discovery that the Chinese are very, very human. In a sense this may be termed the real "Two-China" problem. Both Chinas are on the mainland and both Red, but there the similarity seems to end. Depending upon viewpoint, national background, political identification and depth of knowledge, the observer will see China either as a vigorous, progressive and progressing state, moving toward a better living standard for its people, toward social justice (eventually) and toward a rightful place on the Asiatic and world scenes; or as a modern version of the traditional Oriental despotism, practicing mass public slavery, starving its population through dogmatic adherence to outmoded Marxist doctrine, inhumane, intolerant and insatiably aggressive. Between these two extremes all kinds of variations and permutations of interpretation are found in the dialogue on China. Which version is the myth, and which the reality?

The opening session of the conference brought on these opposing views to confrontation. The introductory address by a distinguished American student of Communist affairs (direct attribution from the closed sessions is not permitted) presented a convincing demonstration that myth and reality are equally contending elements in the Chinese perception of America. We were warned that our notion of reality did not conform to that of the Chinese leadership and masses, and that the "objective world," as seen by Western eyes, was very different from what the leaders in Peking look out upon. The issue was joined when a panelist, one who lives part of each year in China and the West, pointed out that if Peking deals with a "seeming world," so does America; and that it is in this conflict of "seeming worlds" that the irrational and tragic drift toward war takes place. Each of the "seeming worlds" can be objectively substantiated: China *has* been the object of colonial adventures, China *is* now encircled by the largest mass of military firepower ever assembled. On the other hand, Peking does expound revolution and wars of liberation, does lend support and give aid and comfort to America's "adversaries," and does accept the notion that peaceful coexistence of the two worlds is a revisionist dream.

If the conference had an aim, it was to penetrate the veil of rhetoric and make visible the real face of China. To this end, six panels were established:
(I) The Economics of China; (II) Manpower and Population; (III) The Reshaping of Chinese Society; (IV) Science and Education in China; (V) Chinese Foreign Policy; (VI) Politics and Government. Each panel was chaired by an appropriate member of the University of Chicago faculty. Several papers were prepared for each panel and presented in précis form, following which there was general discussion, first among the inner group of "experts," and then with the entire conference membership (which also included a number of experts).

In terms of economics, then, what is the real China that the assembled experts see? It is a land which, having faced a series of economic crises following the break with Russia (and the withdrawal of massive Russian support), the Great Leap Forward and the natural disasters of 1959-61, now shows returning confidence with the inception of its third five-year plan in late January, 1966. China hopes to swing back into a pattern of steady economic growth on the basis of self-reliance. Having been sobered by the catastrophic effects of the Great Leap, the leaders at Peking are willing to permit the survival of a private sector of agriculture, and are avoiding major policy changes which would cause rich peasants to reduce production. The industrial production targets are modest, with emphasis on refurbishing mines and transportation systems. There is evidence that priority is being given to defense industries. Where formerly heavy industry was the key to development goals, the focus now is more on agriculture and the development of industry for agricultural purposes.

Certain prevalent myths were exploded. The communes are very much alive, despite reports that they had been disbanded. Their functions are more limited, however, and greater emphasis is placed on the production team and brigade tiers. It was also asserted, with general agreement by the economists present, that China's economy is far more decentralized than is usually supposed.

Communist Party provincial committees seem to have become identified largely with provincial administrations; hence the party representatives cannot necessarily be relied on to enforce central policies against local interests. The economy was described as cellular, with each unit guaranteeing performance in a certain sphere to the authorities of the level immediately above it; in return for which it is allowed very wide latitude in the conduct of its internal affairs. With modernization, however, this cellular structure was judged likely to transform itself slowly into a complex system of relationships.

Across the conference table economists disagreed on the importance and necessity of collectivization. To many it seemed that the drastic measures undertaken since 1949 were China's only answer to the pressure of its growing population and the only road open to a self-reliant industrial base. But a few visitors asked whether such objectives might not have been attained more readily through private farming and its accompanying incentives. If any conclusions could be drawn, they were (1) that China's leaders are highly pragmatic and unlikely to lead the country into new Leaps Forward, and (2) that while China's industrial and agricultural goals must for a while remain far more modest than proclaimed in the late 1950s, real and perceptible progress can be noted. Thanks in part to the wheat import program and to the recent good crop years,

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food now seems plentiful and the population healthy. To date, although its planners may have grown more cautious, Peking has little reason to regret the economic path it has chosen. The notion that China, after the passing of the present leadership, will move toward democracy and "capitalism" must be seen as another of the "seeming" worlds into which harried American policy makers escape.

There is no escape, however, from the facts, whatever they may be in statistical detail, of China's population growth. The panel on Manpower and Population brought in estimates of from 700 million to 750 million for the year 1966, with a probability of as many as 2 billion by the turn of the century. We still have no firm figures on the size or growth rate of China's population; nor could the panel determine whether the Chinese Government itself does not know them or is suppressing the data. At any rate, Peking has been vigilant in dealing with problems of youth welfare, birth control and useful employment, although policies fluctuate.

Present emphases are on intensifying rural employment and on control of fertility through contraception and the encouragement of late marriage. There is reason to believe that the Communists may yet achieve a measurable drop in the birth rate. However, even this would not by any means prevent China from having the world's fastest rate of increase for decades and perhaps centuries to come.

On-the-spot accounts sketched the real China in greater detail for those attending the conference. The population was judged to be healthy and adequately fed; slums had been cleaned and improved; medical standards had risen sharply; the Han (Chinese as contrasted with minority groups of China) were moving into the Northwest territories, thus firming up China's boundary areas. There was no evidence of sexual segregation in the communes; more education was available to more people than ever before in China's history. This education aimed not only at establishing a new social, economic and political order, but also at producing new men, new ideas, new attitudes and new loyalties. The Communists prefer education, indoctrination and propaganda to coercion or force. The leadership has tried to avoid class separatism by combining education with labor service. A present emphasis in education is intended to rekindle the fire of revolutionary struggle and keep it aglow. Yet the veteran leaders show signs of disappointment with the generation born and reared in the comparative stability and comfort of the post-1949 period. Although there seems to be a much better civic attitude among the youth of today than prevailed formerly among their parents and grandparents, one observer felt that this sprang from national pride in a resurgent China rather than from ideological motivation.

A report on the development of science came to the conclusion that, although Chinese scientists today are cut off from most scientific intercourse, they have excellent library facilities and seem well aware of scientific developments abroad. The Chinese scientists seemed to be laying solid foundations for the growth of basic science, and the impression gained by many Western scientific visitors was that China could catch up with advanced world science in about twenty years.

Although most of the conferees were scholars, writers and scientists —men who in their own professions and way of life would choose maximum freedom — they seemed in large measure to agree that the present stringency of the regime in China was almost unavoidable. Those who have criticized the Communist leaders for exercising tight control have for the most part been people who live in countries where integration and a national consensus already exist. But, as one specialist suggested, Peking's obsession with organization, however harsh, may have been well founded. The political unification of China, with administration on a new and

Punch: Ben Roth

The Conference Table

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expanded scale, may prove to be the greatest achievement of the first generation of Communist leaders.

During the early stages of the conference, several of those attending expressed impatience at sitting through so many panels on the internal affairs of China before coming to Chinese Foreign Policy, which they felt was the crux of the discussion. Yet the planners did well to establish a solid foundation, that is to say a picture of a real (not "seeming") China as it faces problems of the most immediate concern to its people. Even in this area, though there was a general tone of agreement, few points were accepted in full by all. Facts varied and interpretations clashed frequently enough to assure the listeners that a true dialogue was in progress. It surprised us, therefore, as the discussion on Chinese Foreign Policy got under way, that we could detect an area of agreement broad enough to be called a general line (excluding, of course, views expressed by representatives of the State Department). The goals and strategy of Chinese foreign policy were summarized as follows:

According to one speaker, the Communists consider conflict to be an inherent structural feature of world politics, not a temporary abnormality. The basic Chinese strategy of "active defense" is applicable to external (as well as internal) military affairs. The enemy is credited with having the initiative, and the strategy of "protracted war" is still regarded as valid. Finally, the Chinese, in contrast with the Russians, still think of themselves as "encircled." In their post-1949 policy they have been unpredictable, sometimes involving themselves where stakes have been of vital importance, sometimes where the stakes were minor. Some of the situations involved considerable risks and costs; others were undertaken with close control over both risk and cost. The Chinese continue to think of the Korean War as a Chinese victory of considerable proportion. They believe anti-colonial revolutions are to their advantage, and probably do not regret investing in them, even though some of their investments (as in Africa) have brought about adverse reaction. This speaker believed that Vietnam has come to have an extraordinary importance to the Chinese: it is at the center of their policy of struggling with the United States, close to the center of their differences with the Soviet Union on strategy and tactics of revolutionary war, necessary for the maintenance of Asian Communist parties, directly connected with China's drive for power in Asia, and a very important factor in the effort to swing the Third World in the direction China wants. For all these reasons, he concluded, the Chinese cannot afford a defeat for communism in Vietnam, and may even find it necessary to obtain a real victory.

A second view stressed the specter of Munich as a powerful ingredient not only of the American attitude but of the Chinese as well. It was believed that China does not want a nuclear war, but that an American invasion following a nuclear attack could be repulsed. China does not seriously count on Russia's help and would consider a defeat of the Vietcong, although undesirable, as only a temporary setback.

A third panelist took the position that (1) Chinese leaders are rational and responsible; (2) they are committed to violence; (3) the three great powers are struggling for dominance of Asia; (4) China does not wish to become directly involved in wars of revolution, and (5) China will fight to defend its borders, as in Korea.

One long-time observer of Chinese foreign affairs listed six objectives: (1) banish the United States (with humiliation) from Asia; (2) discredit the theory of peaceful coexistence; (3) regain the lost territories (Taiwan, Central Asia, Hong Kong, Macao, Indian border areas and Outer Mongolia); (4) establish domination over border areas; (5) foster world revolution, and (6) reassert status as a world power. These objectives were seen, however, as being basically as much *Chinese* as they are Communist. The speaker did not see China as noticeably aggressive or expansionist, and thought that its ideology was frequently subordinated to its conception of national interest. He felt, moreover, that China's foreign policy would not change appreciably with any change of leadership.

The panelists and auditors were left to draw their own conclusions from the above observations. Minor and even major differences seemed to resolve themselves within the larger picture of Chinese policy that evolved in the conference hall. China was rationally involved in the defense of real national interests; its behavior was responsive to historical experience; it would not avoid violence, but neither did it seek expansion. It was difficult to reconcile this summary with the positions expressed by Administration spokesmen over the past decade.

The St. Louis regional conference, which was the one we attended, got under way on Friday, February 11, within six hours of the adjournment of the Phase I conference in Chicago. Phase I had been sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee, the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*, the League of Women Voters and the Chicago Council of Foreign Relations, together with Northwestern University and the University of Chicago. Its extraordinary costs were met by the Johnson Foundation of Racine, Wis., and the Christopher Reynolds Foundation, Inc., New York, with additional assistance from other foundations. In spite of this support, invited delegates were required to pay a substantial registration fee. The St. Louis conference was open, public and free. It was supported by almost all of the civic, religious and educational institutions of the city. It was publicized widely as an attempt to examine in public, with the help of experts both local and from abroad, the issues confronting contemporary China. Unlike the Chicago Phase I session, there were no "off-the-record" and "not-for-attribution" ground rules. Give and take was encouraged between visiting experts, panelists and the public. Audiences were almost evenly divided among students, members of civic and international organizations, academics and community leaders. As one coed put it, "What impressed me most about the meeting was that there were so many gray-headed ladies in the audience. But, y'know, I guess they were probably just as surprised to see kids like me there."

The Friday night meeting opened with an address on China's foreign policy by Prof. C. P. FitzGerald (Australian National University). Any attempt to paraphrase FitzGerald's address does violence to his wit, elegance and balanced grace. The burden of his argument was that China's views of what constitutes security for the state, and of what circumstances menace that security, must be seen as a product of

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Chinese understanding of their own history. All Chinese agree that they have lived and still live in an age of peril, and that the present threat is represented by the United States. For the Chinese, communism is now the "way of life," the sole road to China's national security and the best hope of the world.

As a historian, FitzGerald holds that the general objectives of Chinese foreign policy will not change, and that instead of trying to change them, the rest of the world should be concerned with the way in which these objectives are sought and the steps taken to implement them. He sees as an immediate goal an attempt to win recognition of Western European states and, to a lesser extent (owing to remoteness), Latin America. China does not expect to convert Russia or to communize America. However, it will attempt to cover actions based on national security by a smoke screen of ideological propaganda. Above all, the Chinese are determined to wipe out traces of past weakness, to recover strength, reclaim lost territory and regain their due place in the world.

It is the failure of Westerners to recognize this aspect of China's policy that FitzGerald found to be the weakness of current Western thinking. Great powers have at all times followed their own interests, and China is no exception. With possible realignments of the great powers, and with mutual reassessment of their true national interests by China and the United States, in the light of improved knowledge and an overdue acceptance of a new situation, profound changes in the framework, though not the aims, of Chinese foreign policy may occur in the next decade.

Not unexpectedly, the majority of professors who questioned FitzGerald in an open panel clearly supported his views. The basic issue for the intellectuals was—and is—*is there an underlying continuity in Chinese policy*, based on relatively stable national interests; *or has the revolution brought new objectives* which imply no limits short of total domination? What seemed to surprise and must have pleased the speaker was the warm accord of the general public in the audience. Indeed, speakers in the Midwest never cease to be amazed by the intelligence, understanding and *patience* of audiences, once the realities are brought before them and the "seeming worlds" are left behind. This is particularly the case in St. Louis, which possesses a Center for East Asian Studies, programs on Asia at three or four colleges, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and 200 high school students engaged in the study of Oriental languages.

On Saturday morning, February 12, Josef Kolmas of the Oriental Institute, Prague, spoke at Washington University. His thesis was that while Tibet seemed inseparably wedded to China (in autonomous status), other areas with large minorities may eventually tend to split away. Of greater interest to the audience than the complexities of Chinese minority affairs was Kolmas' account of daily life as he had seen it in China. The final session of the St. Louis conference was devoted to summation. In setting up a politically "balanced" panel, the seeds of debate were sown. The issue was drawn on this occasion largely between those who had attended the Chicago conference and those who had not—a smaller parallel to the schism between those who have seen China, and those who have not.

Thousands of Americans have just now had an opportunity to learn at first and second hand about the myths and realities of China. The conference papers, when and if released, will make a useful publication. The question then remains: out of the millions of words and hundreds of hours, what conclusions can be drawn? Or, as one elderly St. Louis matron said, with an edge of frustration in her voice: "We've listened to you all, but what are we supposed to do?" It is high time that this became an issue of public hearing and discussion.

What became clear last month in the Midwest was that there is urgent need for closer examination of China. We must avail ourselves of every possibility to bring Americans to China and Chinese to America, to penetrate the curtain of "seeming worlds." Meanwhile, public discussion must be sustained and public officials must be forced to deal with the China question in terms other than platitudes and diatribes. A world is at stake.

THE BIG SHOOT . . . . . Robert G. Sherrill

Washington, D.C.

Seeing a parked motorist discard a crumpled cigarette package on his front lawn, a disturbed man picked up the rifle he always kept handy at the front door and shot him dead. A 14-year-old boy, cleaning a high-powered rifle as nonchalantly as he had been cleaning it since he was 8 years old, fired it accidentally and the bullet went through the house and killed a National Institutes of Health official driving by.

This sort of thing had been happening every day in Washington—as it happens in every major city in the country—but local alarm became national when addled Raul Torres stepped off a Greyhound bus, just in from Yonkers, N.Y., and started walking up New York Avenue toward the White House. He was within a block of his destination when he pulled his newly purchased 30.06 Enfield rifle from its sheath; that brought the cops, and within minutes Torres—an escapee from a mental hospital and a fugitive from a warrant for his arrest for threatening the President by letter—was being packed off to another mental hospital. Before police bulled him to the ground, he had time to load the rifle with one armor-piercing bullet and fire it into the air.

The sound of that shot should have been enough, one might suppose, to frighten this Congress into passing some of the gun-restricting legislation that has been written and awaiting its approval for several years—specifically since President Kennedy was shot in Dallas. But at the same time that Torres was lurching along the street, dizzy with the grudges he had spelled out in a protest note: "Illegal court-martials, illegal prison terms, illegal mental hospitals," a cocktail party was getting started less than a mile away in the plush headquarters of the National Rifle Association. Congressmen were, of course,

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the honored recipients of the tall drinks, good food and hearty good humor that marks the gun fraternity. This was the opening move by one of the most powerful lobbies in America, to keep this session of Congress from reducing the awesome traffic in guns.

The Rifle Association's objective is to continue raising such a tempestuously pious defense of what it vaguely calls "the constitutional right to bear arms" (a right whose inalienability was wiped out by the noted Cruikshank case of 1876), that Congress will not have time or courage to look about the country and see just what is going on in the way of gun control—which is almost nothing. Only one state, New York, requires a license to possess a handgun, a fact of which New York was inclined to brag, until a special state investigating commission recently pointed out that the law is absurdly administered: permits are issued to 16-year-old boys, 70-year-old women, ex-mental patients and known criminals; of the thirty-five New York state residents attending the notorious Apalachin crime convention, twelve held New York State pistol licenses. Only one state, Hawaii, requires the registration of all firearms. In forty-one states there is no mandatory waiting period between purchase and delivery of a handgun; in other words, a man in a murderous passion can whip down to the pistol shop and get what he wants without a moment's delay. In nearly half the states you are legally entitled to walk about carrying all the *concealed* weapons you want; no permit is required, although of the 9,000 murders committed in this country each year, more than half are done with guns, and of these 70 per cent are done with handguns.

Federal jurisdiction is both scanty and indifferent. A recent check of firearms dealers in the District of Columbia disclosed shocking violations of the Federal Firearms Act's requirements that dealers keep permanent records of all guns imported and sold, including the serial number and the name of the purchaser. Of twenty individual dealers, eleven admitted they keep no records. Of forty business dealers, nine did not even possess a federal license, and six were keeping records judged to be "poor."

Control of interstate shipments is practically nonexistent. A 15-year-old Baltimore boy recently slaughtered his family with a .38-caliber revolver bought by mail from Martin Retting, the dealer who supplied Lee Harvey Oswald with the well-known telescopic sight; California mail-order guns were traced recently to thirteen customers in Chicago who had been previously arrested for murder; a University of Mississippi student bought a "souvenir" mail-order submachine gun that could, with a few simple adjustments, be made operable in two minutes. One mail-order gun dealer sends out a catalogue advertising .20 mm. Lahtis as "Ideal for long range shots at deer and bear or at *cars and trucks* and even a tank if you happen to see one."

Such is the influence of the National Rifle Association and its allies that, although scores of corrective gun-control bills have been introduced since President Kennedy's death, not one has passed either the national Congress or any state legislature. During 1964 alone, 210 bills were introduced in state legislatures but, as an NRA bulletin states complacently, "members reacted promptly, firmly, and in force. As a result, no severe legislation was enacted."

For the most part the NRA depends upon letter campaigns. Its officials claim to be able to hit Congress with half a million letters on seventy-two hours' notice, and this is probably not a cheap boast. On the state level, the effect is equally overwhelming and, frequently, abusive.

When Angelo F. Palmisano, a Maryland assemblyman, introduced gun-control legislation, he began receiving telephone threats on his life, and NRA-member letters came pouring in with tidings such as:

> *You dirty wop. You should go back to your Italy and Mafia. How did you get in this country anyway? . . . I bet you are the type who has no gun in his house to protect himself and would let any housebreaker come in and help himself to anything, even your wife, and then you would pray for a humble spirit to bear it. God help America with such as you. Were your parents ever married?*

NRA officials insist that when they stir up letter-writing campaigns they beg their membership not to be abusive; but somehow the hot blood of what the NRA calls "a shooter" just keeps breaking through. Congress got a taste of the NRA's technique last session (and it will undoubtedly get a repeat dose this session) because Sen. Thomas Dodd of Connecticut was pushing legislation to prohibit the interstate shipment of guns except between the manufacturer and the dealer, or between licensed dealers.

Dodd has had a peculiarly unpleasant experience with the gun buffs. After meeting for three years with the NRA and gun manufacturers, he finally came up with a bill in 1963 which was so weak that these officials said they would support it. He had no sooner introduced it than, whoosh!, thousands of angry NRA letters fell upon Congress. The bill died. That is a favorite NRA technique: cozy up to a reform politician and get him to cripple his own legislation; then when the malformed bill is introduced, crush it the rest of the way. The same device has been used in a number of state legislatures.

But Dodd decided to fight back. He was sickened by what he saw happening around the country: mail-order guns circumventing the Sullivan Act in New York; 4,000 mail-order guns pouring into Chicago over a three-year period, a fourth of them going to men with criminal records; 25 per cent of the mail-order guns received in the District of Columbia going to persons with criminal records; mail-order guns going to juveniles and ex-prisoners in Pennsylvania in contravention of the Uniform Firearms Act of that state.

He decided to push a modest bill of his own composition. It wouldn't be aimed at the friendly neighborhood gun dealer who supplied Torres; that sort of over-the-counter transaction between dealer and madman would not be interfered with. Nor would his bill prevent interstate shipments to federally licensed gun dealers like Louis Di Salvo, the Klansman who did indeed import guns into Mississippi and distribute them to his friends. Di Salvo, in his weird way, would still be considered legitimate under the Dodd bill. But at least Dodd's legislation would cut out the *interstate* shipments to just anyone—boys, ex-cons, perverts, crazy people.

That, to many, seemed reasonable enough. But not to the NRA. Frank Daniel, secretary of the NRA, smiled warmly as he recalled recently: "We sent letters to our 730,-

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000 members and told them to let their opinions be known. Well, we really got results. There was probably no other response like it to anything happening in Congress. Changed a lot of opinions on Capitol Hill, too. After that, Dodd couldn't even get a quorum of his subcommittee."

Does this make the NRA a lobbying organization? It does not register as a lobby, and ordinarily its officials look sad if anyone suggests that they are lobbyists. When Franklin L. Orth, executive vice president, appeared to testify against Dodd's bill, the Connecticut Senator told him, "It seems to me that your organization is doing what I would call lobbying against this measure."

Goodness no! cried Orth. The NRA is not a lobby, it is a "great patriotic organization" like, well, like "the American Legion."

When Dodd asked Orth if he thought a patriotic nonlobbying organization should put quite so many lies in its brochures about the pending legislation, the rifleman replied demurely, ". . . sometimes in the heat of battle there are regrettable excesses which are not deliberate, or are born in misunderstanding."

This "heat-of-battle" excuse is strange for an organization that pretends to bend its desires to the gentle winds of public welfare. Disavowing any taint of commercialism—no, no, it is not interested in the multibillion-dollar arms industry or the multimillion-dollar sporting magazine industry — the NRA gets its tax-exempt status *not* under the usual Internal Revenue Code subsection that forbids "carrying on propaganda or otherwise attempting to influence legislation" but rather under the subsection that exempts "civic leagues or organizations not organized for profit but operated exclusively for the promotion of social welfare . . . and the net earnings of which are devoted exclusively to charitable, educational or recreational purposes."

Since this puts the riflemen in the same "nice" group with the League of Women Voters, lobbying is not actually forbidden to them, and sometimes, in their more candid moments, NRA officials talk more plainly than Orth did to the committee. When I asked Daniel if the NRA is a lobby, he said, "I guess it depends which side of the fence you are on."

From this side of the fence, one notices items such as these:

◖ *The American Rifleman*, about 9 million copies of which were printed by the NRA last year, has cut down its space for shooting and hunting articles in the last three years while increasing by one-third the space given to warning about firearms legislation.

◖ Between 1962, the year before Kennedy was killed, and the end of 1964 (the last period when an accumulated expense report is available from the Rifle Association), the organization's total expenses rose by about one-third, from an annual output of $3 million up to $4 million.

During the same period, however, the expenditure for "legislative and public affairs" work (read "lobbying") went up *more than 100 per cent!* That money was spent fighting off what E. B. Mann, editor of *Guns Magazine*, called the "hysterical" legislation shaped by Kennedy's end. In its private discussions, the NRA is quite candid about its objectives and successes in this fight. The next-to-last annual report put out by the NRA notes with satisfaction:

> *Before and after the assassination . . . a total of 20 bills were introduced* [in Congress] *to restrict the interstate shipment of firearms obtained through mail-order channels. . . .* [Among these was a Dodd bill.] *Through the efforts of the National Rifle Association, many restrictive features of this bill were removed. . . .*

The report pointed with special pride to a provision written into the Arms Control and Disarmament Act amendment by Sen. Bourke Hickenlooper of Iowa and Rep. Robert

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Sikes of Florida, which completely gutted the control features.

(Sikes's heroism was momentarily tarnished a few weeks later when he was arrested, in company with multimillionaire Ed Ball, retired General Nathan Twining, and Aluminum Corporation of America's vice president, R. A. Leanard, for hunting turkey over a baited field —a trick that, among most sportsmen, is viewed as being at about the same level as spearing fish in the bathtub.)

Sikes is a director of the NRA. A reserve general, he is also a very influential member of the House Appropriations Committee, which each year approves increasingly generous budgets for the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice — a quasi-army organization, most of whose directors are also members of the NRA.

The National Board gives away free ammunition and lends government-owned weapons to gun clubs affiliated with the NRA. In the last six years, it has given $12 million in subsidies to these gun clubs.

Largely because of speeches by Texas Rep. Henry Gonzalez, the National Board has had great trouble in recent years convincing anyone that it is not actually subsidizing hate groups. Ever since Robert B. de Pugh, leader of the Minutemen, advised his eager extremists to join the NRA so that they could get free ammunition, the question has hung darkly over the whole program: Is the U.S. Government, through the NRA, arming kooks?

An Army spokesman told the Washington *Star* several months ago that reports of extremists joining clubs "really worries us. We don't know enough to say with assurance that we don't have any extremists in the gun clubs, but there's nothing to indicate that any member of a gun club has ever been involved in inappropriate things."

Nevertheless, the jittery secrecy with which the National Board and the NRA surround their membership rolls is not likely to give the public confidence. When Stanley Mosk, then attorney general of California, wanted to run a check to see if nuts were getting U.S. ammunition, the National Board said its membership lists were not "available." Daniel told me that Mosk did not ask for the NRA rolls, "but if he had, we would have refused to show them to him."

Two things have happened since then. First, the Defense Department "leaked" the news that it was cutting off its free-ammunition program. Gonzalez, checking around, found that this simply was not true, and he took the floor to needle the generals: "Obviously I would be delighted to learn that the rumors, attributed by the newspapers to anonymous officials, were true. But there stands the new budget, in complete contradiction to the rumors of cutbacks. How does one curb a free-ammunition subsidy by giving away $362,000 worth of free ammunition more in 1966 than in 1964?"

Daniel conceded to me that Gonzalez is quite accurate. "The Secretary of Defense reacted to all those charges" Gonzalez has made, he said, and panicked into saying there would be a cutback but . . . well . . . yes, "the appropriations remain the same."

To pretty up its position, the Defense Department did what any federal department in trouble is likely to do: it hired an outside consultant to see if the criticisms had merit. The consulting firm of Arthur D. Little got the job at a price of $100,000 (a figure Gonzalez spent three months prying out of the Defense Department, first getting the figure $7,500) and Daniel said that the report will be released this month. If you are cynically thinking that the report will show "there has been no infiltration of the gun clubs by extremists and no misuse of the government aid program," you are correct—that, says Daniel, is exactly what the report will say. Although the report is supposed to be still in the confidential stage, Daniel confides that he has learned of its contents from "a good authority."

So hurrah, the Big Shoot is in the clear again. Or it would be if it were not for the fact that still gnawing around the edges are the concessions to truth officials of the NRA make. Daniel admits that the job of checking the character of new members is too big for his outfit, so they turn it over to the adjutant generals of the various states. "Some states' adjutants make a very thorough check," he said, "and others don't." Some adjutant generals turn the check over to the state police. This is done, for example, in Mississippi.

The availability of free government ammunition may account for the fact that the NRA's membership has more than doubled in Mississippi since 1962—the fastest growth rate in the country—and we must take the word of the Mississippi state police that those 3,700 shooters are sterling fellows who will use their free bullets exclusively for target practice.

As the opposing sides begin to line up once more over the Dodd bill—which Daniel believes is dead and which, short of Presidential support that was once promised but has not yet been seen, very likely is dead in its present form—some odd alliances and enmities emerge. For instance, the right wing, which takes such pleasure in advising the world to Support Your Local Police, is opposed by none other than the International Association of Chiefs of Police, which likes Dodd's bill very much.

Atlanta Chief of Police Herbert I. Jenkins says his department confiscates about 2,000 pistols and 200 shotguns and rifles every year. "Almost every person who wants a firearm now," Jenkins complained, "has one or more, regardless of his moral or mental capacity."

Carl K. Miller, a commander in the Chicago Police Department, says about 6,000 firearms are confiscated in that city each year. He tells a story about the bus rider who missed getting off at his usual stop:

> *This passenger became enraged and stated, "I am going to get off this bus if I have to blast my way off." With that, he fired four shots, wounding several riders. Another of the passengers, incensed at the audacity of the blasting rider, took out a gun and fired back, wounding several more riders. This happened in a supposedly civilized city on a bus carrying citizens to and from their work. I merely mention this because it is almost hard to believe that on a bus carrying people to and from work, out of the sixty or eighty passengers on the bus, two of them would have firearms.*

It does seem strange until one recalls that Americans spend about $2 billion a year on guns, and that the government, in addition, sells about 100,000 cut-rate guns through the National Board each year.

To loyal members of the NRA, however, the odd—and discouraging—feature of Miller's anecdote is that so few occupants of that bus were armed. The NRA's ideal, as often stated, is *the armed citizen*, and although in a recent editorial *The American Rifleman* granted

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that "the expression 'armed citizen' has different meanings to different people," it went on to say that to the NRA faithful it meant, fundamentally, the ability to shoot back and the gun to do it with:

The taking of a human life is a matter of deepest concern. Nonetheless . . . in many instances, the citizen has no choice but to defend himself or his home. If he elects to use a gun, that is his privilege. The important thing is that the individual must have the opportunity to make his own decision, and obviously his decision lacks meaning in such instances if he does not have the right and the opportunity to have a gun to enforce that decision.

POVERTY, INJUSTICE and the WELFARE STATE

Part 2: How Rights Can Be Secured

Richard A. Cloward & Richard M. Elman

Because the American poor, unlike the poor in most other democratic social-welfare states, have never developed continuing instruments of political power, the American welfare state defrauds them as it aids them. As noted in these pages last week, benefits are treated as charity rather than statutory entitlements; grant levels are abysmally low; constitutional rights are regularly violated by investigatory procedures; millions of the most impoverished are denied benefits by arbitrary statutes and policies (i.e., residency laws). Since the poor themselves are not likely to mount organized political pressure for reform, other strategies must be considered which would have the same impact. Three ways of attacking the injustices of the social-welfare state are discussed in the article below.

One form of attack upon the social-welfare apparatus should be mounted in the courts. Undue emphasis has been placed upon securing reforms through legislative action, and insufficient attention paid to legal remedies. Two types of legal action are required: one designed to achieve basic changes in the structure of social-welfare law, and the other to insure that laws are faithfully implemented at the administrative level. Much of the current discussion about extending legal services to the poor is intended to yield the latter objective. The Office of Economic Opportunity, for example, plans to finance legal resources for the poor in urban and rural slums. This program, to be discussed below, will bring lawyers into contact with the poor, where they will be quickly inundated by pressing problems demanding immediate action. Lawyers practicing under these circumstances will doubtless succeed in remedying injustice in one case after another through negotiation and administrative appeal or in the lower courts; they may even on occasion create a major legal precedent to which the welfare apparatus must accommodate. But crucial precedents are usually more efficiently pursued by organizations which do not offer mass services but specialize in finding "test" cases. Such organizations can develop specialized legal expertise in a given field, and can find the resources to pursue issues doggedly and tenaciously through the labyrinth of appeals, at the end of which a binding precedent may finally be established. We need, in short, an "association for the advancement of social-welfare rights," comparable in purpose and function to the NAACP and the ACLU in their respective fields of interest.

The issues of law that require intensive action are both substantive and procedural. As to the first, no aspect of substantive law in the field of social welfare is so murky as that pertaining to the question of whether various classes of entitlements are matters of legal right or public charity. Ambiguity especially surrounds benefits for the poor; most of the benefits directed toward the regularly employed classes having been less plagued. Here again, "social security" is a case in point. It is virtually unheard of that recipients require legal assistance in order to obtain this benefit. The clarity with which entitlements are framed and implemented thus reflects the relative political power of the groups which are their object. In the field of public housing, by contrast, ambiguity is striking. Legislation is written in such a way as to deny tenants any of the rights commonly associated with tenancy in private housing. Apartments can be inspected at will by management; leases are month to month; eviction can occur without recourse to the courts. Charles Reich, a professor in law, has suggested that social-welfare benefits constitute "new property rights" and should be vigorously pursued in the courts until they are so defined under law.

If benefits can be established as rights, to whom then do these rights pertain, and under what conditions? Here again, a variety of substantive issues are posed. Residence laws provide one notorious case in point, for, as we have noted, they appear to violate the historic right to cross state boundaries without penalty. Issues of illegal search and seizure arise from widespread investigatory practices now prescribed by existing legislation or administrative fiat—such as the "post-midnight raids" discussed earlier. It is customarily regarded as within the province of welfare departments to force unwed mothers to be examined regarding putative fathers as a condition for public assistance. Invasions of privacy are taken for granted in a system where no one has rights.

Eligibility for public-welfare benefits has sometimes been made contingent upon one's willingness to

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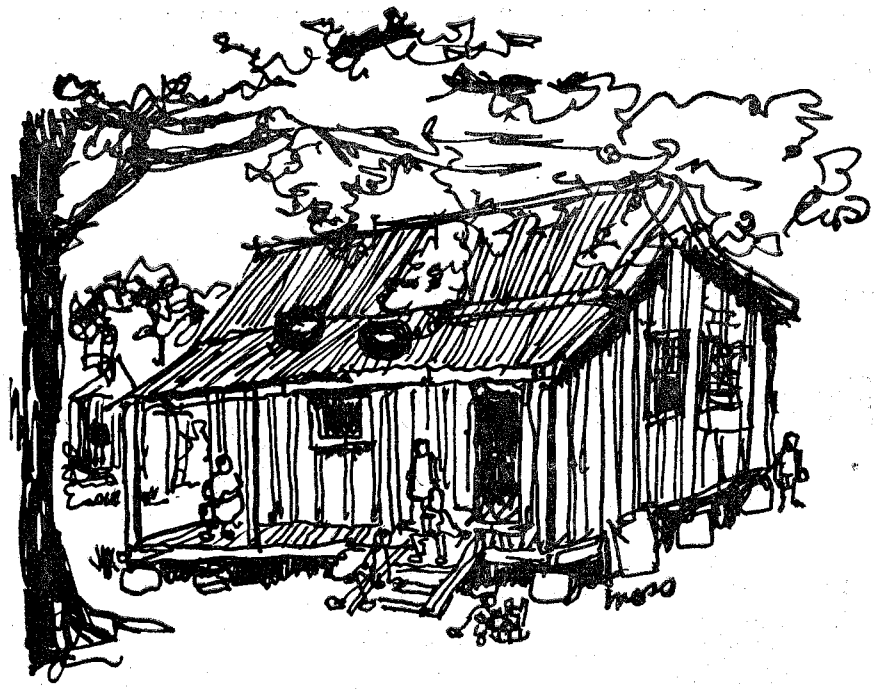
perform work for a governmental jurisdiction. One such case, involving male welfare recipients who were jailed for refusing to cut brush in hip-deep snow, was recently struck down in the lower courts as a form of peonage.

Ambiguity about "rights" versus "charity" is also reflected in the absence of adequate procedural safeguards. Under the guise of discharging an ethical responsibility to "protect the confidentiality" of information disclosed by clients, welfare departments have resisted the right of clients to be represented by counsel during interviews, investigations and many types of semi-judicial proceedings. But perhaps most striking is the fact that it is not clear, with respect to many benefits, whether an aggrieved person has the right to do anything more than complain. Appeals procedures, administrative or otherwise, are not often defined in legislation, and administrators do not usually choose to establish them. If a person has a grievance, it is often not known to whom he should turn or whether he must be heard. Until test cases resolve matters of this kind, rights cannot be effectively asserted.

The second form of attack should be a vigorous campaign of communication. Tyranny is not so likely to take root when men have access to information. The authoritarianism of social-welfare agencies is partly made possible by the pervasive ignorance they engender in their clientele. Where ignorance prevails, myths arise to explain what otherwise seems arbitrary and capricious. It is believed by some on the dole in New York City that welfare workers get $50 for each case they can close, for how else is one to understand the hundreds of instances in which recipients are discharged from the rolls for no apparent reason (e.g., "failed to comply with departmental regulations")? Myths serve to order the reality, but they also reinforce ignorance of it. And because recipients do not understand administrative decisions, officials can dismiss complaints out of hand. By converting issues of justice into instances of ignorance, attacks upon the rules are thus deflected and the system remains intact.

One can grant the low education of recipients without supposing that this goes far toward explaining their



failure to grasp the workings of the apparatus upon which they depend for survival. Ignorance is a product of the system itself. Our social-welfare state is enormously complex—not because it needs to be, but because it serves our ambivalence toward the poor to make it so. Because, as we have pointed out, statutes are vague and ambiguous as to who can get benefits and strikingly clear as to who cannot, fantastic administrative energy is required to define criteria of eligibility. The resulting proliferation of regulations is incomprehensible even to those who create them. People who need a variety of services (money, housing, health care) must negotiate with an array of autonomous departments, each jealous of its prerogatives, each a complex rules system, each caught up in its own trappings of petty tyranny.

A public department can make itself surveyable to its constituents or can place them under surveillance. Our "social security" agencies assiduously explain themselves, advertising on radio and in newspapers to inform a broad audience of entitlements. They deplore unclaimed benefits and pursue those unschooled in their rights. But the claimants of social security are the once employed and the propertied; they are, in time, the majority of us, and agencies catering to a majority are not unmindful of its influence. Who advertises for clients for public welfare, for public housing, or for any of the "poor agencies"? For every person on the public-welfare rolls, at least one more is eligible but does not apply. Let them find their own way to appropriate agencies and through the maze of procedures that will stand between them and relief. Let them submit without challenge to investigation, for ours is a system obsessed with the fear that benefits will be obtained fraudulently, or by persons of questionable eligibility. No one may certify to his pauperism; it must be proved—repeatedly—and even then the evidence of home visits, interviews, forms and affidavits is not to be trusted. Elaborate patterns of illegal surveillance multiply. It is not thought that clients require information about the system; rather, the system must know about them.

A massive and aggressive program of public information could go far toward eliminating an ignorance that is both produced by and reinforces these barbaric practices. Such programs are by no means novel or untried. Some three decades ago, Britain's National Council of Social Service, a private organization, established a number of "citizen's advice bureaus" which have been operated with public funds since 1949, and are located in churches, settlements, family agencies, unions and elsewhere, close to those who need them most. The central office generates a constant flow of information to the local bureaus: it summarizes entitlements under new legislation, digests

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changes in administrative rulings, reports the outcome of appeals on one issue or another, and otherwise provides judicious advice and guidance to the users of public services. Is has been, from all accounts, a remarkably successful program.

American private social-welfare agencies — despite large subsidies from government — resist making functions of this kind central to their operations. Consonant with America's attitudes toward the poor, private agencies have devoted themselves unceasingly to various forms of moral, cultural and psychiatric uplift. Prior to the depression, they carried on cash-relief programs, using such funds as could be extracted from the well to do. Pressed by heavy demands from their clients, and with relatively little money to disburse, they became experts in making judicious grants, evolving criteria and techniques to distinguish the worthy from the unworthy. They instituted a system of "social-service exchanges" which compiled information on their clientele to insure against the possibility that a few recipients might be pyramiding meager benefits by migrating from agency to agency. When government acted during the depression, many voluntary agencies argued that the new poverty agencies—such as public welfare—should be staffed by experienced social workers who understood how to administer benefits without inducing dependency, that tragic flaw of America's poor.

The mental hygiene movement also penetrated the field of social work during the depression years, and it was not long before private agencies began to draw from Freudianism their images of man, his needs and his susceptibility to intervention. And so the private field progressively turned away from environmental assistance and embraced the new personality manipulations. But the economically dispossessed remained stubbornly oblivious to the subtleties of a psychology that stressed man's participation in the creation of his own problems, preferring to believe instead that they were the victims of arbitrary and capricious outer forces beyond human control. With their traditional clientele thus alienated, a good many private agencies announced that they would welcome opportunities to serve people "in need of counseling and guidance, whether financially dependent or not." By the mid-fifties, many agencies had succeeded in uplifting themselves by attracting a high proportion of middle-class constituents.

The "war against poverty" has again focused attention on the poor, and a new period of uplift has begun. The National Urban League, the Family Service Association of America and the Child Study Association recently joined to establish, with poverty funds, a program called "Project Enable." With the League's access to the Negro ghetto and the technological expertise of the Associations, a vast program of counseling and guidance of parents will be undertaken to improve child-rearing practices so that their children can become upwardly mobile.

It is now being said, curiously, that people are poor because they have no money—but no one has thought to give them any. "Welfarism" has become discredited; all forms of the dole are in particular disrepute. The new uplift stresses a cherished American value—economic advance by individual achievement. But the poor are mostly young or very old. For the old it is too late to advance; and the poverty of the young is so crippling that they are incapacitated for mobility once they come of age. The question of poverty, in short, is being confused with the question of economic mobility. Once again, America finds itself unable to deal just with poverty; it has always had to "save" the poor as well—exhorting them to abandon the immoral ways which cause their condition, or diagnosing and treating them, or launching into the next economic stratum those who could respond to the countdown. Merely to provide money so that all may start from a minimum standard of living affronts our belief in individualism and our faith in the efficacy of professional interventions to which all social problems can finally be made to yield.

Reflecting the culture of which they are instruments, private agencies have by and large failed to act as guardians and proponents of the welfare apparatus. Standards of financial assistance are still very low (even in industrial states, "minimum cost-of-living indexes" are computed, and grant formulas are fixed at two-thirds or less of the indexes); millions of families needing assistance are not being recruited to the rolls; and those who obtain assistance are still not getting all to which they are entitled. Specializing in "information services" may not lay the best basis from which to assert professional status, but it must be said that the poor need allies against the welfare apparatus a good deal more than they require the therapeutic and other skilled services which are the stuff of professional legitimacy.

Power finally belongs to those who are able to define for others their station in life. If men have been led to believe that they have no rights, being told that they do may matter little, for the belief can overwhelm the telling. In New York State, public-welfare agencies distribute a brochure to every recipient describing, briefly and abstractly, the rights of clients, including the right to take appeals from decisions considered unjust. And, as we have shown, the grounds for appeal are abundant.

The third attack, then, must be through the apparatus of appeals. In New York City, which contains more than 500,000 welfare clients, and almost half again as many rejected applicants, how many come to challenge the tens of millions of decisions regarding their various entitlements made in any year? For the whole of the city, in most years, there are about fifteen. Granted that the poor have little education and even less money for legal assistance, this is still unimaginably few.

To what interpretation will such a statistic yield? Only, it would seem, to one showing how the welfare system leads the poor to participate in their own victimization. Many welfare recipients endure that status for long periods of time, sometimes handing it down from generation to generation. Eventually, some come to believe that they know a great deal about the workings of the system, as indeed they often do, including ways to circumvent its rules. Those most familiar with the system often end by accepting its premises and thus ascribe legitimacy to its practices.

Doubtless, reluctance to appeal also arises from the fear that petty evasions of the rules will be uncovered during hearings. Nor is this the only instance one could point to in which men have given allegiance to the rules by which they are degraded, to the rules which

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they covertly violate. The lawless and authoritarian practices of the welfare apparatus thus produce correlative adaptations among clients. For when rights are ignored, men come to live by their wits, meeting caprice with chicanery; or they live witlessly, meeting the arbitrary with acquiescence.

Under such conditions, it will take more than information about rights to make them believable or to lead men to act upon them. If old patterns of accommodation are to be disrupted, there must be a demonstration that rights can be successfully asserted. And that will require advocates willing to pit themselves against an entrenched system. Where, then, are the poor to find these advocates?

One answer comes from the Office of Economic Opportunity, which has been promoting programs of legal services for the poor. Bar associations have rather vigorously opposed this intrusion by government into their part of the free-enterprise preserve, but that resistance may be overcome, for it is difficult to find any but the most obviously self-serving arguments to support it. The plans for "neighborhood law offices" and other legal programs under various auspices are, to be sure, a distinct advance over the present condition. Until now we have preferred to avoid the matter by ostentatiously praising the charity and idealism of those few lawyers in Legal Aid Societies and elsewhere who have resigned themselves to relative poverty by choosing to serve the poor. If, through OEO's largess, the number of lawyers entering the lists against the welfare state can be multiplied five- or tenfold or more, it is certainly all to the good.

The plan to expand legal services, however, has several defects. First, it equates the need for advocacy with the need for lawyers. But the great bulk of problems that arise in the day-to-day transactions between recipients and public agencies can be resolved by persons possessing only a rudimentary knowledge of the social-welfare establishment, provided that they are willing to be aggressive and tough-minded negotiators. Such pressure is all the more likely to be effective if backstopped by the threat of legal action, should redress not be obtained. The existence of legal power is thus more important than its exercise.

Mobilization for Youth, on New York's Lower East Side, has conducted large-scale advocacy programs through a series of "neighborhood service centers" located in store fronts and staffed by professional social workers and case aides. Lawyers train staff members in the basic laws and rule systems governing public departments. The vast majority of problems brought to the centers are then effectively resolved by these nonlegal advocates, the more difficult cases being referred to MFY's legal unit of five full-time lawyers. With poverty funds, neighborhood service centers patterned after those on the Lower East Side are being established in other cities, although it remains to be seen whether the vigor of advocacy which distinguished MFY's program will be matched elsewhere, for such programs are not popular with the governmental officials who control poverty funds. Aside from this question, the point is that advocacy resources could be greatly expanded if scarce legal resources were conserved for in-service training, appeal procedures, court actions and other matters requiring depth of legal knowledge and experience.

The plan for "neighborhood law offices" also suffers the defect of being an altogether *ad hoc* mechanism. It will thus be dependent for funding on the vagaries of the political process. If the programs generate a great many problems for city government (as they surely will when the job is properly done), pressure may mount to shut off funds. Legal services can also be initiated in stable institutional settings — unions, settlement houses, family service agencies, inner-city churches—and this is slowly happening. Even if such institutions apply for governmental funds to initiate advocacy services, they would be able to carry on with private resources, should public sources dry up. Bar associations, it should be noted, resist the practice of law by organizations, the stated fear being that organizational interests will be "interposed" between client and lawyer. The danger is real, to be sure, for once organizations experience political backlash from the activities of their lawyers, internal pressures for more moderate advocacy may be felt. On the other hand, it is equally real that the reluctance to see nonprofit organizations hire lawyers has had the long-standing consequence of denying counsel to the poor.

In the end, we shall require arrangements that do not make access to advocates dependent upon the vagaries of poverty funding or the

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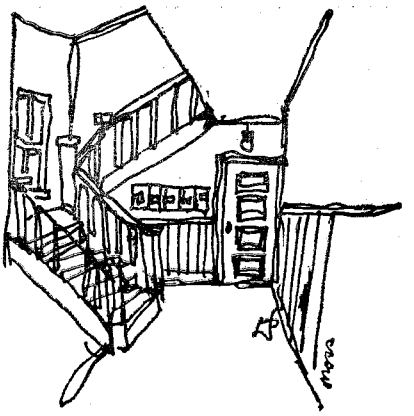
interests of private organizations. Once again we may need to look to European countries, where legislative measures—such as Britain's Legal Aid and Advice Act of 1949—guarantee the availability of lawyers and provide payment for services for the very poor. Clearly, the country is not yet ready to entertain such measures. But some form of socialized law seems inevitable if men's rights are to be secured.

We have stressed reform strategies which take account of the lack of organized low-income political influence in this country. If, however, welfare recipients in large urban centers could be organized to press their grievances through dramatic, well-publicized actions, these strategies would be greatly enhanced. The notion that the poor should participate in the decisions affecting their dependency is not novel. In the depression years, the Workers' Alliance—a union of relief clients and relief workers—performed this important function in New York City. The Alliance staged sit-ins at welfare offices, mass demonstrations and letter-writing campaigns, and succeeded in securing improved benefits for its members.

Recently, groups under diverse sponsorships and in scattered localities have begun to organize around welfare issues. In some cases, as in Syracuse or Washington, they have been organized by professional social workers, using OEO funds. In Newark, Cleveland, Detroit, some parts of the South and elsewhere, they have been organized by newly emergent radical groups, principally SNCC and SDS. One would be hard put to describe these sporadic efforts as a movement, or even a



potential movement. They have been isolated efforts to adjust individual grievances through protest.

In some instances, efforts have been made to establish procedures comparable to collective bargaining. If this process is to succeed, it must attract expert allies. A short time ago, for example, a group of Lower East Side Negro and Puerto Rican ADC mothers, represented by an attorney and a social worker, held a meeting with the Commissioner of Welfare to negotiate grievances. The immediate aim of this Committee of Welfare Families, organized through Mobilization for Youth, was to force the Welfare Department to supply its members with winter clothing. The Committee first notified the Commissioner that it had unsuccessfully made formal requests to the appropriate welfare investigators for the necessary cash grants. It threatened to picket if the Commissioner refused a hearing. The Commissioner agreed to a meeting with the Committee, and subsequently negotiated a formal grievance procedure with them. But, throughout the negotiations, the Commissioner continued to insist upon the traditional prerogative to investigate assertions of individual need, rather than to accept the validity of the Committee's assertions. While acceding to the principle of collective bargaining, he reaffirmed the right of the Department to conduct confidential interviews with clients, unimpeded by the presence of other Committee members, lawyers, social workers or translators. "Why should a discussion on why our members are not receiving the winter clothing which is due them contain so much 'confidential' information?," the Committee wrote to the Commissioner recently. And they went on: "If Mrs. John Doe is told by her investigator that her coat received in 1959 or 1960 should last '5 to 8 years,' or if a Mrs. Rodriguez is told that her investigator is too busy with 'more important things, and I don't know when I can get around to see you,' is all this 'confidential'?" Despite bureaucratic tactics of resistance, these efforts at reform—however faltering and few—are needed in a society whose social-welfare apparatus has always had its way with the poor.

And, finally, it should be said that new legislation—such as the proposed plan for a federally sponsored "guaranteed minimum income"—would solve most of the problems cited in these two articles, for it would eliminate their source. Nor should anyone mourn the passing of the local public-assistance agency, if that ever comes to pass. One reason for developing vigorous programs to protect individual rights—whether by information dissemination, advocacy, legal testing or collective action—is to dramatize the need for a new way to distribute income by revealing just how bad is the way that now prevails.

Deserts In The Sea . . . . . Richard G. Lillard

Los Angeles

Big questions are raised by the end of the sardine fishery off the coast of California and the possible beginning of the end for the anchovies and the larger fishes that eat them. Who "owns" the resources of the sea? How much longer can society allow the fishing interests to behave as all lumbermen once did (and as some still do when they are given a chance)? How long can coastal industry be permitted to use the fishing ground as a free and convenient dump? What is the economic place of recreation and sports in a world of short working hours, early retirement and stress on healthful outdoor living—of the sort that California is famous for? Private corporations and government bureaus have done much to obliterate the natural scene and the wildlife of the continent. Are short-term economic expedients to annihilate the creatures of the sea making the ocean emptier and less lively than ever before since Creation?

Last fall, in the face of much protest, the California State Fish and Game Commission began an experimental program that would give manufacturers access to the anchovy, one of the key forage fish in the natural life cycle of the sea. The commission authorized com-

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mercial fishing boats going beyond the 3-mile limit to catch 75,000 tons of anchovies during the 1965-66 season, for purposes of reduction—i.e., to be ground up into meal. Caught by the holdful, mature anchovies (5 to 9 inches long) would thus become food for cats, feed for fry and fingerlings in inland fish hatcheries, meal for chickens and minks, oil for paint factories, and fertilizer for field crops and subtropical gardens.

Until now, anchovies have been caught, anywhere offshore, to supply a small canning business for export to the Philippines and elsewhere for human consumption. While anchovies from California went to Oriental tables, anchovies from Portugal came to California for pizza parlors and cocktail parties. But mainly the California anchovies were netted by the tankful, to be used as live bait by local commercial albacore fishermen and by sports fishermen in skiffs and party boats and on barges and piers. Even on weekdays the piers and party boats and barges between Malibu and San Diego alone provide recreation for 3,000 or 4,000 fishermen, a great many of whom use wriggling fresh anchovies as bait. The president of Ocean Fish Protective Association says: "The anchovy must be viewed as the fish that has permitted Southern California to become the world's leading area for live-bait ocean sports fishing."

Ostensibly the commission's decision was to set up the experimental anchovy-reduction fishery in order to work toward scientific management of the entire anchovy resource. Already official studies had measured the growth rates of the fish, worked out their life cycle, estimated their numbers, and mapped some of their migrations. Counting the catches, tagging individuals, trying to watch total population—these would continue. Meanwhile, the presumption was that the granting of permits to catch, under certain conditions in specified waters, would add a new base to the state's fishing industry and general economic well-being. Immediate, sure profits would go to Star-Kist Foods, Van Camp Sea Food, Del Monte Fishing, Santa Cruz Canning, Ocean Beauty Packing and other firms.

The commission's action regarding the public resource of the anchovy schools came only after routines of bureaucratic drama. In 1955, the commission refused to grant reduction permits, and regularly during the early 1960s it denied such requests. In 1965, the canners and their allies turned to the legislature, which passed a bill ordering the commission to grant permits to take 115,000 tons of anchovies for reduction. While the bill lay on his desk, Governor Edmund Brown received sixteen letters favoring it and 214 opposing it, including an official letter from the city of Long Beach. The Governor vetoed the bill, saying that it was perhaps unconstitutional and that management of the anchovy would best be done by the commission, under existing laws, working on a long-range scientific basis. He added that he thought the legislative act was a mandate to grant reduction permits.

The commission then drew up proposed regulation for the "pilot program" and announced a public hearing in Los Angeles. Again a heavy mail came in, largely against the whole proposal. The *Los Angeles Times*, which seems more and more to become a quasi-public institution, editorialized in support of live-bait fishing and recreation.

The hearing on October 1 drew a talkative crowd of several hundred who heard thirty-three persons oppose the plan for reduction and three speak for it. Individual sports fishermen, owners of live-bait boats, and spokesmen for California Wildlife Federation, Ocean Fish Protective Association and Southern California Sports Council stressed the importance of anchovies as a major food supply for sports fish, the growing scarcity already of anchovies off the coast, the incomplete official knowledge of anchovy migrations and populations, and the threat to the recreation of thousands of persons, and to the jobs and incomes of live-bait suppliers and the makers and retailers of fishing tackle and equipment. Sea and seaside recreations are more characteristic of Southern California than commercial fishing.

There was testimony that live-bait boats were having to range

Homer

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farther and farther offshore to catch anchovies, that Mexico was starting to catch 40 tons a day off Ensenada for human food, and that anchovies were becoming scarce off the coasts of Peru and Chile. One bait-boat operator said that for California to allow about 1,000 tons a day for about 106 fishing days was not a pilot program. "It is big stuff." An individual fisherman brought on thumping applause and a severe call for order from the chairman when he shouted blame at "fast-buck men" who want dollars now with no regard for fish or other men. "We wrote letters and Brown vetoed. Now we have to do the whole thing all over again. It is just another grab and you men on the commission know it."

The fluent spokesman for the California Grain and Feed Association, representing 500 members who use fish meal for the big poultry and egg industry, pointed out that the cost of local fish meal (at $180 a ton) compared with the rising cost of Peruvian or Chilean meal (at $200) was clearly a factor in the chicken industry, as in the general cost of living. His figures drew no applause.

The commission members, caught between the poles of their task—regulating commerce and protecting recreation — adjourned to ponder and weigh the pressures. It was not a simple matter of "the people" versus business, because there were business interests on both sides. After a few weeks, the commissioners authorized the 75,000-ton program. Politically, the canners had won the round, though economic gains were slow to appear. (By the end of January, 1966, the new anchovy reduction business had landed only around 1,800 tons, owing to problems of prices and of redesigning fishing gear.) The recreational interests have continued to mutter and agitate. Feelings are strong, and the match is not over. Will the anchovy go the way of the sea-faring Chumash Indians, the sea otter, the sperm whale herds, the abalone, the Pismo clam and the Pacific sardine?

A speaker at the October hearing remembered with allowable hyperbole how "in 1937 the sardines were so thick at sea that you could get out and walk on them." Now they were gone. One of the fourteen different mimeographed handouts at the same meeting proposed a moratorium on the catching of sardines in California—which remains a proposal only. During the period 1934-45 the California commercial catch of sardines exceeded 500,000 tons each year, but a steady decline since 1951 has led to fewer than 7,000 tons in 1964-65 and under 1,000 tons—the lowest ever—in 1965-66. No "inexhaustible" natural resource better illustrates the speed-up of technological skill and the power of multiplying mankind to use things up. None better justifies the bill for Ecological Research and Surveys that Senator Nelson of Wisconsin gave the Senate last year. Sportsmen and conservationists are well aware of what happened to the sardine. They are determined that the anchovy shall escape the same fate.

When the sardines started to disappear, the fleets turned to four species of tuna, especially yellowfin, and began to fish them out. Now in 1966, tuna, too, are proving hard to find. Though California ranks ahead even of Alaska to lead all the states in the value of its annual catch of fish (and the value goes up with the years), the annual tonnage has been declining for exactly three decades.

So far there have been no loud alarms as to the fate of local fresh fish such as sole or the halibut that is caught in the Santa Barbara Channel, or for the white sea bass or the cigar-shaped yellowtail barracuda. But more and more the fish caught are juveniles rather than adults. And shellfish, helplessly sedentary as adults, are in serious trouble. An example is the smooth chione or mud cockle, very tasty, much sought at low tide in what sloughs are not yet filled in for subdivisions or dredged out for marinas. Abalones are so overharvested that low tide Channel Islands divers have been going down 100 feet.

Depredation on the continental shelf is accompanied by pollution on a massive scale. The sewage lines that coastal cities send to the sea from San Diego Bay to Santa Monica Bay are the largest perennial streams in the known history of the region. These richly organic rivers, some with raw, untreated sewage, all of them loaded with chemical products of a prosperous and heavy-eating civilization, spread out in "sewage fields" which fertilize increased numbers of photoplankton that in turn engender reddish and amber-colored seascapes, the "red tides" of photoplankton "bloom" that worry boosters and appall sensitive swimmers. The submarine mesas of solid sewage, together with loads of industrial waste dumped from barges, deplete the oxygen content of the water so that the fish depart and the giant seaweeds, natural lurking areas for game fish, die out. Man's wastes also supply acids that attack the shells of abalones and clams, opening them to infections, and further kill back the canopies of kelp. Sea urchins best survive, though in stunted form.

Below sea level and ordinary eye view, man is creating almost fishless deserts, and even these he is littering. For one fish-and-game solution to the problem of attracting the fish back to depleted and corrupted waters is to provide shelters, artificial caves and reefs or mounds of junked automobiles, scrapped refrigerators and obsolete streetcars.

Man's "improvements" of the shore line — breakwaters, jetties, harbors, marinas, steam plants, industrial and military installations—have all in one way or another adversely affected the biology of the sea. The anchovy again serves as an example. After 1929, the new breakwater at Santa Barbara, meant to promote yachting and boating, began to accumulate sand, building up many acres of unneeded beach and turning the harbor into a lethal cul-de-sac for anchovies. Each summer, preying fish crowded them into the warmish dead water where they died by the thousands.

And every summer for more than a decade millions of anchovies have died uselessly in Los Angeles harbor, where they have supported a $2 million live-bait business that in turn supported half of California's sports fishing. The cause is the legal wastes from major oil refineries, chemical plants and soap companies—part of the potent industrial complex that makes the Los Angeles-Long Beach harbor area a top American port. In the rainless summer months, industrial wastes give Dominquez Channel its only flow, 30,000 gallons a minute (more than any natural Southern California stream now gives to the sea in summer), turning it into an open, somewhat colorful, industrial sewer. Reacting with harbor water, the chemicals absorb its oxygen. The anchovies then suffocate and turn belly up to the beaks of birds. A blue-gray sludge of H_2S remains to stain the hulls of the world's commerce.

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At the Top of the Voice

MAYAKOVSKY. Translated and edited by Herbert Marshall. Introduction by Sir Maurice Bowra. Hill and Wang. 432 pp. $10.

THE POETRY OF YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO: 1953 to 1965. Translated, with an introduction by George Reavey. October House. Bilingual edition. 215 pp. $6.50. $2.95 paper.

Margaret Dalton

"The new young Mayakovsky of today," says Herbert Marshall of Yevgeny Yevtushenko. And there is indeed some parallel between the personalities and works of these two poets. If Mayakovsky was *the* poet of the Revolution, Yevtushenko occupies a similar position in the post-Stalin thaw. Something of Mayakovsky's personal dynamism and public appeal is present, though to a weaker degree, in Yevtushenko. In tone, language and form, Yevtushenko is at times very close to Mayakovsky. This is especially the case in his rhetorical poetry, declaimed "at the top of the voice" and addressed to the masses rather than to the "chosen few." These lines by Yevtushenko could easily be mistaken for Mayakovsky's:

The music of revolution
gives
cold shivers
to many.
Somewhere, beyond the sea,
chandeliers
nervously
shake
in halls . . .
("The Mozarts of Revolution")

Like Mayakovsky, Yevtushenko is primarily a "civic" poet (though not to the exclusion of personal, lyric poetry), involved in contemporary issues and committed to the ideology of the Communist regime. Yet the dissimilarities which become apparent at closer scrutiny — caused by different political and intellectual climates and by differing poetical personalities — may possibly be more fundamental and decisive than are the points of contact. The revolutionary and post-revolutionary periods in which Mayakovsky was active were characterized by material deprivation and cruelty, but also by creative freedom and enthusiasm. Mayakovsky and his "co-Futurists" fervently believed that they were creating new art for a new and better society. Disappointment set in only later. Mayakovsky himself, one of the loudest, most grandiose and egocentric personalities in Russian literature, was eminently fit to represent this period in all its glory and excesses. None of this ebullient optimism was present in the fifties, the starting point for Yevtushenko's poetry. Despite the thaw, the memories of the terror of the thirties and the privations of one of the most devastating wars in Russian history were still vivid. Yevtushenko is representative of those young poets who were slowly groping their way toward more individual and less prescribed art; but they were hardly daring innovators: they looked back to poets like Mayakovsky, just as they looked back to the Revolution as a distant ideal which had been darkened and corrupted.

Compared to Mayakovsky, Yevtushenko is more restrained, more narrow in his emotional scale and, possibly, more lyrical. Although he will avoid the "lapses" and vulgarity of Mayakovsky, his tendency at overt moralizing strikes at times an unpleasantly pedantic note as compared to Mayakovsky's expansiveness. Despite the fact that Yevtushenko is still developing, it seems fairly certain that he will never approach the linguistic genius and emotional *élan* of Mayakovsky—just as the present cannot bear comparison to the tempestuous days of the twenties.

Mr. Marshall's large book on Mayakovsky presents an interesting collection of varied materials. The preface by Sir Maurice Bowra is followed by an introductory article on Mayakovsky and his poetry by Mr. Marshall, as well as a detailed chronology of Mayakovsky's life. The main part of the volume is devoted to Mayakovsky's poetry, supplied with commentaries by Mr. Marshall. Two appendixes present memoirs of Mayakovsky by contemporaries and poetic references to him by other poets (Pasternak, Aseyev, Akhmatova and Yevtushenko). The text is interspersed with photographs of Mayakovsky, reproductions of his paintings and caricatures, photomontages, and copies of some of the modernistic covers used for his poems. The visual impact of the book is impressive indeed.

In his selection of Mayakovsky's poetry, Mr. Marshall is, however, somewhat less successful. He seems to favor the post-revolutionary work of Mayakovsky, which was approved by Stalin, over his pre-revolutionary poems, which interested Pasternak. Only four short poems and the long poem, "A Cloud in Trousers," representative of the early Mayakovsky, are included in the volume. In his choice of post-revolutionary poetry Mr. Marshall presents some of the most unimaginative and dull political pieces Mayakovsky wrote, such as "Vladimir Ilyich Lenin," "The Fifth International" and anti-religious "agit-poems." One of the few exceptions to the monotony of the selection is the long poem "About This" — translated for the first time into English and championed with justifiable enthusiasm by Mr. Marshall — a sophisticated and interesting work of the early twenties.

Mayakovsky is, admittedly, a very difficult poet because of the complex metaphors which are central to his poetry, the neologisms and the rhymes (the latter often built on word play). It is impossible to reproduce all these features in a translation without sacrifice. The least objectionable sacrifice in the case of Mayakovsky is rhyme, since his use of rhyme is highly irregular and without the importance that it has in more conventional poetry. Mr. Marshall, however, with admirable audacity, attempts to reproduce all of Mayakovsky's poetic intricacies, including his rhyme. The result is neither accurate nor felicitous.

It is impossible to present in a short review the innumerable inaccuracies of Mr. Marshall's translation. They range from "poetic license" to outright mistakes. Mr. Marshall mercilessly inverts and distorts Mayakovsky's word and syntactic order (and thereby very often Mayakovsky's metaphors — to a point where they become completely unintelligible in English); he changes gender, number, omits or adds pronouns and adjectives, and even adds expressions that cannot be found in the original. A simple line such as "How did your Olga say it?" (in the poem "Jubilee" where Mayakovsky makes reference to Push-

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kin's *Yevgeny Onegin*) comes out in Mr. Marshall's translation as: "Now who was it said — your Olga, I think?" It may be added that Mr. Marshall's verbosity here is not conditioned by Mayakovsky's metrical pattern, since he does not follow it. It is utterly unclear to the present reviewer why, for example, Mayakovsky's line "a horse fell" (in the poem "A Human Attitude to Horses") is rendered by Mr. Marshall as "a horse is on its arse," just as the comparison of a lighted advertisement to the "biblical Nebuchadnezzar" (in the poem "Jubilee") has Mr. Marshall's embellishment "Nebuchadnezzar on all four eats"?

Among other obvious mistakes are the translation of a corn merchant (*labaznik*) as a "parasite," of the slang word for face (*murlo*) as the verb "purred," of the phrase, "burning beyond the mountains" as "burning beyond sorrow" (confusion of the words *gora* (mountain) and *gore* (sorrow), of the poet "calloused from tramping" as "calloused from fermentation," etc. Some of the most crucial lines in the poem "To Yesenin" are rendered beyond recognition.

Apparently, Mr. Marshall's admiration for Mayakovsky ("the greatest poet of the Socialist epoch") makes him incapable of injecting any criticism into his commentaries (and certainly Mayakovsky has weaknesses); Mr. Marshall's remarks are in the vein of the uniformly laudatory tone found in most standard Soviet editions of Mayakovsky.

Despite the popularity and interest which Yevtushenko has aroused in the West in recent years, translations of his poems have appeared sporadically and in small numbers. George Reavey's collection and translation of fifty-four of Yevtushenko's poems must therefore be regarded as a valuable contribution to the study of this young Soviet poet who has aroused considerable controversy at home and abroad. Mr. Reavey prefaces his book with a perceptive commentary on the political atmosphere that has shaped and continues to influence the poet, as well as a general outline of Yevtushenko's background and eventful life.

The poetry is divided into three major chronological groups, with the majority of poems belonging to the earlier period, before the official reprimand issued to Yevtushenko in 1963. Despite the inclusion of such famous political poems as "Babii Yar" and "The Heirs of Stalin," the overall tone of the volume is that of personal, and intimate poetry ("You Are Big in Love," "A Scent of Brine," "To My Dog"). It is no doubt because of this emphasis on Yevtushenko's "lyrical" side that Mr. Reavey excluded from the collection Yevtushenko's Cuban poems published in the second part of "Tenderness."

Reavey's selection is interesting, and shows the various aspects of Yevtushenko; poems of questioning self-examination alternate with "civic," moralizing poetry, travel impressions of the West, and semi-philosophical reflections, illustrating Yevtushenko's turn toward richer poetic forms, deeper and more complex thought, and less glib self-assertion. It will be most interesting to watch his further development.

The setting of the original text of the poems opposite the English translation is very welcome to Russian and non-Russian readers. The translations aim at a maximum of precision and are, in general, extremely good. There are only a few mistakes, for example, *svet chopornyi* should read "pompous society," and *pust' dni prevratnosti tajat* should be translated as "what if the days conceal inconstancy." However, these are completely outweighed by the general excellence and sensitivity with which Mr. Reavey has mastered his difficult task.

Before the Great Barbecue

CARPETBAGGER'S CRUSADE: The Life of Albion Winegar Tourgée. By Otto H. Olsen. The Johns Hopkins Press. 395 pp. $7.95.

Allen Guttmann

Albion Tourgée, to a greater degree than his more famous contemporary, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, failed mawkishly when he attempted to delineate the 19th century's idea of the Good and succeeded grimly when he dramatized what he knew of Evil. In the starkest episode of Tourgée's novel, *A Fool's Errand* (1879), the carpetbagger hero finds the lynched body of his most loyal Negro ally. Unconcerned whites attend a nearby church:

> *The wind turned* [the body] *slowly to and fro. The snowy hair and beard contrasted strangely with the dusky pallor of the peaceful face, which seemed even in death to proffer a benison to the people of God who passed . . . from the house of prayer, unmindful both of the peace which lighted the dead face, and of the rifled temple of the Holy Ghost which appealed to them for sepulture. Over all pulsed the sacred echo of the sabbath bells. The sun shone brightly. The wind rustled the autumn leaves. A few idlers sat upon the steps of the court-house, and gazed carelessly at the ghastly burden on the oak. The brightly-dressed church-goers enlivened the streets. Not a colored man was to be seen.*

The scene, irony and all, seems as authentic as the horseback dashes of the hero's love-struck daughter do not. The scene is based on the murder of a Negro leader, a friend of Tourgée, whom the Ku Klux Klan had hanged from the branch of an oak less than 100 feet from the Alamance County Courthouse. Similarly, the grotesque death of John Walters, in the novel, is a fictive parallel to the murder, in Caswell County, of a Republican state Senator who was strangled and stabbed to death in the courthouse itself—by the most prominent citizens of the county. Comfort Servosse, the fool whose errand it was to contest injustice in "reconstructed" North Carolina, is clearly drawn from Tourgée himself. The novel is its author's testimonial to fourteen years of vain struggle against control of the defeated South by the very men who led the South to defeat.

A new edition of *A Fool's Errand* appeared in 1961, with an introduction by John Hope Franklin. Otto H. Olsen's full-length biography of Tourgée, dedicated, informed and wholly praiseworthy, recovers for us the embattled man — quarrelsome, tactless, conceited, obdurate, courageous, and absolutely right "to battle a monstrous evil that almost an entire civilization either endorsed or did not care or dare to defy."

Assured by Provisional Governor William H. Holden that Yankees who moved to North Carolina could expect "every favor" from the people and from the laws of the state, Tourgée, an injured veteran of the 105th Ohio Infantry, established himself in the fall of 1865 on the outskirts of Greensboro. Naively hoping to recover his health and to prosper materially, he quickly

Allen Guttmann is the author of The Wound in the Heart: America and the Spanish Civil War *(The Free Press), and has written many essays on American literature and politics.*

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learned that the uppity Negro was not fully accepted in Guilford County. Neither was the white man, Yankee or native born, who thought the Emancipation Proclamation meant an end to servitude.

Governor Holden, a moderate, was defeated in the fall of 1865 by white-supremacy Conservatives. In 1866, the Conservative legislature rejected the 14th Amendment and brought down upon itself, as Tourgée had warned, the Reconstruction Acts of 1867, enforced by federal troops. Elections were held for a constitutional convention. Republicans dominated, largely because Negro voters were "unwilling to believe that those who opposed emancipation, denounced the Freedmen's Bureau, and resented equality were their best friends." Conservatives jeered at the "Gorilla Convention," "Nigger Convention," "Bones and Banjo Convention." (Seventy-four of the 107 Republicans were white Southerners, only fifteen were Negroes.) Tourgée, a leader in the convention and a major influence on the new constitution, was singled out in the newspapers for special abuse: the educated elite referred to the convention of "Baboons, Monkeys, Mules, Tourgée and other Jackasses." Undaunted, Tourgée served on a three-man committee to revise the legal code and went on to win a seat on the Superior Court for the 7th Judicial District.

Judge Tourgée found his troubles increased. The K.K.K. terrorized the district with the approval of the Conservatives. "Police officials belonged to the Klan, its members sat on juries to obstruct indictment or conviction, and mysterious altered words nullified indictments." The dilemma seems depressingly familiar. Negroes suffered heavy penalties for petty offenses and Judge Tourgée was assailed as the creator of disorder. Governor Holden, who had recovered office in 1868, was impeached and found guilty by a Conservative legislature that insured a conviction by ejecting Republicans from the hall. Unionists were slandered, threatened with death, driven from their homes, murdered and further vilified in their graves. These events Southern historians of fifty years ago glorified as "Redemption." The election of 1875, stolen by the Conservatives (who now resumed the title "Democrats"), was a prologue to the national election of 1876, when the North ended Reconstruction to glut itself undisturbed at the "great barbecue" of industrial capitalism.

Tourgée lost his judgeship in 1876, remained in the South three more years as pension agent in Raleigh, and left for good in 1879, the year he published *A Fool's Errand*. Seventeen years later, after a career in literature and in reform journalism, Tourgée contributed importantly to the last-ditch legal fight against complete segregation. He wrote one of the plaintiff's briefs in *Plessy* v. *Ferguson*, a brief whose forceful demonstration of the inherent inequality of racial discrimination was accepted after fifty-eight years, in the anti-segregationist decision of *Brown* v. *Board of Education*.

But Tourgée would have been among the first gloomily to insist, in 1954, that the Supreme Court's decision was not enough. At the end of *A Fool's Errand*, Comfort Servosse argues that North and South represent "two distinct, hostile, and irreconcilable ideas." Only Northern power can destroy the "demon" of racism. "If done at all, it must be done by the North—by the Nation, moved, integrated, and controlled by the North, I mean—in its own self-defense. It must be an act of sovereignty, an exercise of power." Tourgée was right, but perhaps *too* pessimistic. A new generation of "fools" and the exercise of federal power have brought us a little closer to the point Tourgée thought we had reached when he wrote Governor Holden about prospects in the South.

In the Non-Establishment Manner

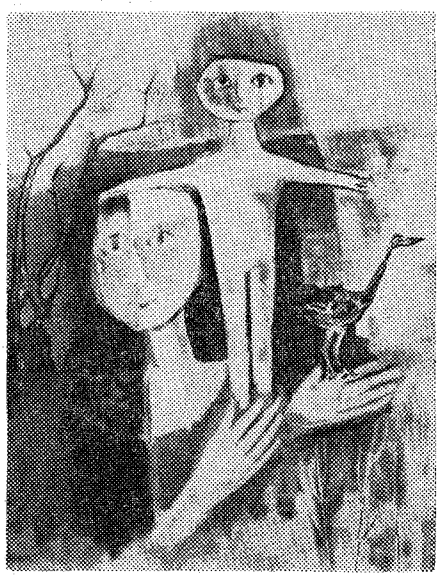
MY ESCAPE FROM THE CIA (and Other Improbable Events). By Hughes Rudd. E. P. Dutton & Co. 253 pp. $4.95.

James P. Degnan

Technically, the best story in Hughes Rudd's first book of short stories is "The Fishers: 1932." Dramatizing the financial and moral problems of a family of Texas poor whites during the depression, the story is the kind of serious comedy that Faulkner and Flannery O'Connor did so brilliantly. When we finish reading "The Fishers: 1932," we not only know the comic-pathetic Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, small-town people one generation removed from the farm, Southern Baptists who've lost their religion, chronic sufferers from constipation whose only luxury is that they consume "surprising amounts of mineral oil from Sears Roebuck"; their ne'er-do-well son, Homer, a sinister type who looks like a "weasel in a tight, twelve dollar suit," who combs his hair with Crisco which "in the summer time started to run before he got to the car line," who works at the pool hall, dates unsavory girls, and who hates and is hated by his father; Homer's brother, Weldon, who because of the Fishers' "starchy 1932 diet," breaks wind at inopportune moments; and the townspeople who surround the Fishers; but we know a stratum of American society, and we know what it meant to be alive in the depression year of 1932. Mr. Rudd's story has the integrity and effect of visual art, of a Grant Wood painting or a Dorothea Lange photograph.

More interesting even than "The

James P. Degnan, who teaches fiction writing at the University of Santa Clara, has written for The Atlantic Monthly, Commonweal, Ramparts *and other publications. He is currently working on a novel,* Memoirs of an Academic Tramp, *a section of which will appear in an early issue of the* Virginia Quarterly Review.



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Fishers: 1932" are works like: "My Escape From the CIA"; "Mavis at the Beach"; "Nightwatch at Vernal Equinox"; and a nonfictive piece treated fictively, "The Death of William Faulkner." What's interesting about these works—especially the first two—is that they are genuine originals both in subject and in treatment. "The Fishers: 1932," despite its technical brilliance, falls into a category: it is Southern Gothic; one thinks of Faulkner, of Flannery O'Connor, of Carson McCullers; of academic criticism and academic quarterlies; of university creative-writing classes and the well-made story; of Percy Lubbock and the old New Critics, and the artistic strictures of Henry James and Ford Madox Ford. It is, briefly, a story of the Establishment; that it first appeared in *The Paris Review* is appropriate.

Definitely non-Establishment, however, are the other works I've mentioned. They are utterly unpretentious and show the hand of a sensitive and intelligent reporter (Mr. Rudd is C.B.S. correspondent in Moscow). But more than an apparent indifference toward conventional fictive strictures and techniques, what makes these stories interesting and original is that they introduce a new voice, a new attitude toward experience, into contemporary American fiction. It is a voice which is anathema to the Establishment of the Right—the academic quarterlies and *The New Yorker*—and to the Left—the *Evergreen* people, the Beats and the Black Humorists. It is, in many ways a voice nearer to the early Kingsley Amis, the Amis of *Lucky Jim*, than to any recent American writer of talent. It is a resolutely middle-class voice, a deeply personal, healthy, decent, common-sensical, unmistakably masculine voice; a gentle and tolerant voice, yet a voice driven to comic, exasperated rage in the presence of phoniness. It is a voice that prefers the present to the past, democracy to monarchy, the rational to the mystical, the normal to the eccentric, the middle class to the aristocracy. It is a voice much more in tune with George Orwell or Bernard Shaw or the logical positivists than with Henry James or Virginia Woolf or the existentialists. It is, briefly, the voice of America's Angry Young Man, a character who has been around a long time but who has made no significant appearance in American fiction.

Like England's Angry Young Man, like Amis' Lucky Jim Dixon, whose dilemma is that he is unclassed, wandering between two worlds (he can't return to his working-class origins nor can he honestly adopt the attitudes and manners of the upper-middle class to which his government-sponsored education has admitted him), so also, America's Angry Young Man, Mr. Rudd's hero in such stories as "My Escape from the CIA" and "Mavis at the Beach," faces an analogous dilemma that presents itself in the question: How do I find a home between IBM and Berkeley—the beat as well as the academic worlds of Berkeley? How do I avoid becoming either the Organization Man or the Beat and/or Academic Man? How do I avoid living a life of no protest or a life of constant, meaningless protest? How, in short, do I preserve my identity against suffocating conformity on the one hand, and insane individualism on the other? Unable to answer these questions, Mr. Rudd's hero solves his problem momentarily by going to graduate school. Graduate school, particularly for the unemployable humanities student, is a limbo, a world of non-choice, a last psychic rest stop before the awful choice must be made. And Mr. Rudd does a fine job of describing this experience.

In "Mavis at the Beach," Mr. Rudd satirizes academic eccentrics and the Beats who inhabit Perry Lane back of Stanford University. But the story also subtly raises the question of whether the world of the eccentrics and the Beats isn't really morally preferable to that of the Squares. The story is very funny and very fast, considering the ground it covers. "My Escape from the CIA," told from the point of view of a Stanford graduate student who has somehow managed to steal Allen Tate's tweed cap, is equally so.

Perhaps the least satisfying of Mr. Rudd's collection are his war stories. At their worst, "Motto for a Wall," for instance, they are bad Hemingway; at their best, such as "The Man on the Trestle" and "The Lower Room," they are full of the clichés of military fiction—clichés of thought and attitude rather than of writing. "The Lower Room" is full of the predictable cynicism and surrealistic horror humor that make Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* such an awful bore. "The Lower Room" may have won a *Paris Review* award and it may be, in the New Critical cliché, "crafted"; John Crowe Ransom might even like it. But it lacks that original and interesting voice, that unique comic voice which is Hughes Rudd's real and formidable talent.

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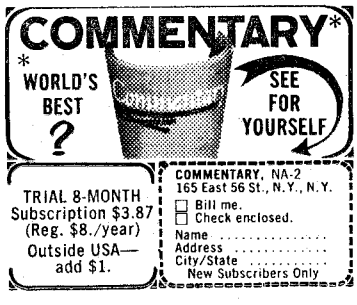

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Troublesome Comfort

G. B. SHAW: A Collection of Critical Essays. Edited by R. J. Kaufmann. Prentice-Hall. 182 pp. $3.95. Paper $1.95.

Laurence Goldstein

Time has treated George Bernard Shaw—rebel, prophet and gadfly—with the humiliating deference to which fame is subjected once the artist and his art are blurred into respectable harmony. Shaw still commands attention; but it is from a world very different from the one he debated, beguiled, taunted and lectured during his garrulous lifetime. There have been at least five books about Shaw published last year, in addition to the widely publicized first volume of his collected letters. In a New York off-Broadway theatre, the playwright as Presence was recently re-created nightly. And, of course, there are the countless university and community theatre productions of his plays.

Thus it comes as no surprise that Prof. Maynard Mack's scholarly "Twentieth Century Views" series finally addresses itself to a study of Shaw. In this short but remarkably diversified collection of fourteen essays, edited by R. J. Kaufmann, an attempt is made "to set Shaw free from the bonds of misunderstanding" by employing a wide critical prism with

Laurence Goldstein is assignment editor for U.P.I. Newsfilm and a freelance film writer. He produced Calderon's Life Is A Dream *in New York.*

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which to isolate, refract and illuminate the Shavian art. Beginning with a panegyric from a young Bertolt Brecht, it ranges through such diverse approaches as psychiatrist Erik Erikson's analysis of the familial environment on the Shavian talent and through Richard Ohmann's use of linguistic analysis to define the roots of Shaw's style. We are exposed to an astonishingly wide variety of critical skills. Theatre critics Eric Bentley and Robert Brustein share space with 19th-century scholar Louis Crompton, Elizabethan scholar G. Wilson Knight, and Shavian scholar Irving Fiske. Close textual analyses of Shaw's plays are set against studies of the themes, images and conceptions which thread the entire canon of his work.

Norbert O'Donnell describes Shaw's genius as a tragicomedian in terms of the struggle of wills among Shaw's characters when opposed to the social problems which transcend the individual will. G. Wilson Knight illustrates the theme of bisexuality in Shaw's plays to illuminate Shaw's concern for man's wholeness of being. Bruce R. Park writes a detailed criticism of the critics of Shaw.

Each of the essays is written with an intelligent individuality which heightens both one's appreciation of Shaw as an artist and the critics' keenly fashioned analytical tools. Taken together they do as much to dramatize the techniques of modern criticism as to yield new insights into the Shavian talent. Yet the essays as a group fail to generate excitement. For all the scholarship, perception and critical imagination employed by the writers in this collection, Shaw is curiously deprived of the very strength which welded him to the early 20th-century imagination. Shaw, who dramatized the world as his personal opponent and then engaged it in vigorous debate, is relegated to the musty apotheosis of genius and judged from within the awesome shadow of his work.

With the exception of Robert Brustein's excellent essay, "George Bernard Shaw: The Face Behind the Mask," no notice is taken of the relevance Shaw's revolt holds for a world in which the Victorian tradition he attacked has vanished, and the majority of his social reforms have been assimilated into the vulgarities of everyday existence. Brustein perceptively points out that while "Shaw's messianic philosophy has alienated him from us; the myths of Shavianism neither console nor convince; . . . and his own illusions seem just as pronounced as the ones he sets out to expose . . . his works written to 'influence public opinion' are usually too complicated to evoke a simple response, for like the plays of all the better rebel dramatists, they involve the author's revolt in a shifting dialectic of attitudes."

While Shaw's genius rendered art out of protest, his strength is derived from his commitment to that protest. When the assumptions of his society are stretched upon his stage and house the world of his characters, the action draws its meaning from the total involvement of the characters with the fabric of that world. His men and women collide constantly with the overstuffed social and moral furniture with which they must contend. And if their falls amuse us, we are never allowed to forget for long that the props have been set by hands similar to the ones that have upholstered the seats from which we watch.

Shavian characters need a d of public conventions to sharpen the thrust of their individuality. They are skillfully placed within a fixed universe, and define that universe by moving in ways contrary to its laws. The more retrograde their actions, the brighter they shine and the more light they cast upon the world that spawned them. Saint Joan puts the torch to the practical pieties of her world and the limits of that world are exposed in the conflagration. Jack Tanner ro-

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mantically assaults his world under the joyous banner of the Life Force, Idealism exuberantly challenging Convention, and the limits of both (and the possibilities of each) are exposed in the gentle, mocking humor. Major Barbara wars against the barbarities of Capitalism and is defeated, not because her cause is unjust, but because her response is inadequate to the complexities of her world. In each of the plays the assumptions of a world are being challenged and the possibilities for action within that world explored. It is the drama of that exploration, that determined need to cut across the grain in order to know the depth, that keeps the Shavian world continually relevant to our own.

At a time in which many of our writers have been moved to express their disenchantment with our society, most have sought a forum beyond the scope of their art. The inability to reconcile the vigor of their polemics with the vitality of their art has made petitioners of our writers. The psyche and the society in which its troubled presence exists are alien to each other. Satire becomes increasingly difficult as the values of our society become increasingly irrelevant to its aspirations. Too many Americans want to remain fully attached to our society and still maintain their integrity with a little social protest. No one challenges the system any longer. It is difficult to do so when public rhetoric has pre-empted the language of social reform. Universal welfare, suffrage and equality are the shibboleths under which we are ruled. To feel alien to a society that offers so much and demands so little makes malcontents of us all and reduces protest to cranky discontent.

Not long ago, finding a cause in our time seemed to take as much energy as pursuing it in any other. Now, when one is found, it becomes so fashionable so quickly that it requires more courage to oppose than to pursue it. Scorn has become a terribly old-fashioned emotion, and the words left to express our discontent have become increasingly strident. As the notion of consensus becomes less appealing, its democratic vocabulary becomes more inclusive. The more we resist, the less relevant language we have with which to resist.

In this world in which the writer's light is refined into a surgical beam while his cries are heard in the darkness beyond, it becomes an increasingly desperate pleasure to see the enemy and to be able to name him. George Bernard Shaw is still a comfort to trouble us.

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THEATRE

Lloyd Zimpel

SURPRISE IN THE WINGS

In the seven years since it was formed, the San Francisco Mime Troupe waged "guerrilla theatre" against "the common enemy—cultural stupefaction" with little headway. Then last summer it brought forth *A Minstrel Show, or Civil Rights in a Cracker Barrel*, and scored a definite victory. A few months later, however, adherents to the cause of stupefaction celebrated a coup of their own when the Troupe's founder and director, R. G. Davis, was convicted for defiantly staging a show in a public park after his permit to do so had been revoked. Or so read the charge. According to the American Civil Liberties Union of Northern California, which is appealing Davis' thirty-day suspended jail sentence and one-year probation, the issue really goes to such matters as violation of the First Amendment and the exercise of "prior censorship," since the permit was lifted only because park commission officials deemed the play (*Il Candelaio*, by the 16th-century Italian philosopher, Giordano Bruno) "indecent, obscene and offensive."

This kind of hassle — along with such accompanying distractions as having the police tape performances, vague offical warnings to prospective Troupe sponsors, and the amused mocking of the newspapers—seeks out the Mime Troupe as certainly as foundation grants find their way to other companies. To be sure, the Troupe has not tried to avoid it. Davis insists on a "radical, independent, chaotic, anarchic" theatre, one approached by its creators, as he wrote recently in *Studies on the Left*, "sans pre-conceived notions about the result." After the creation is completed "we see who we are and what we have done." That nervy principle gives the Troupe's audiences a frequent sense of surprise waiting in the wings, an expectation further justified by the director's admission that his selection in actors runs to "the emotionally disturbed, the violent ones, the fallen away Catholics, the non-Jewish Jews, the deviates," rather than those of organization-theatre training. Part of Davis' own training came from the Actor's Workshop under Herbert Blau and Jules Irving.

However anarchic the Troupe's intention, some sound accomplishments have resulted, from the classical mime which occupied the company in its first years, to happenings or "events," to *Commedia dell' Arte* performed free in the city parks: *Tartuffe*, *The Dowry*, *Il Candelaio*, which last the Troupe persisted in putting on, with no further official harassment, even after Davis' arrest.

In the three years since it began indoor theatre with Jarry's *Ubu Roi*, the Troupe has ventured to couple Brecht's *The Exception and the Rule*, first with an anti-Administration talk on Vietnam by writer Robert Scheer, and then with Beckett's *Act Without Words II;* and to join Ghelderode's *Chronicles of Hell* with a poetry reading by Lawrence Ferlinghetti. The plays have properly been admired, with praise for the imaginative, disciplined direction.

In those same three years the

Lloyd Zimpel has contributed to The Chicago Review, The Massachusetts Review, The Carleton Miscellany *and other periodicals.*

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Night

Now the burghers are locked in bed,
Day's receipts dreaming in the safe,
Their lamps gone out like sleeping birds,
The mattress springs sighing like leaves
Under the wind of their meat;

Now the night has moored in the street
And yaws against the houses and
The dogs sniff about its freight,
Paw the ground without end,
As if its wake were a spoor, the night;

Now that lovers in their cars
Have followed darkness to the bitter
End of the street and into squares
Where their flesh has become another matter,
Like empty department stores;

Now that witches and the cauldron too
Have burned off with their fire
And left a homey stew
That sputters on, they sighing
Like mothers, wives, sirens of the flue

And Circes of the hearth;
Now that my son turned all
Upon himself has become a star
Merrily burning with vegetable
Serenity like a good cigar;

Now let my insomnias arise and litter
Down white blizzards on the tenement blocks,
Softly storm the cracker-box silhouettes,
Whirl on till the street's lone walker stops
And laughs, surprised by dancing letters.

Irving Feldman

Troupe achieved tentative official endorsement via a $1,000 annual stipend from the city's "hotel tax" (a bountiful resource once promised for support of cultural enterprises—the San Francisco Opera still gets $110,000—but much of which now finances the setting of the bait for conventions and tourists). Davis' beef with the park commission, and some public grumbling over *A Minstrel Show*, make it doubtful that the city's benevolence will long continue.

The current *Minstrel Show*, coauthored by Davis and Saul Landau and headed this spring for off-Broadway production in New York, is doubtless the Troupe's most popular undertaking and probably its most successful all around. It has a seven-man cast—a minstrel line of six yuk-yuk-king, tambourine-banging white and Negro actors, all uniformly got up in blackface, baby-blue satin tails, white gloves and kinky-hair fright wigs; and a pompadoured, stuffed-shirt interlocutor, grandly played by Robert Slattery. Willie Hart, Jr., Malachi Spicer and Jason Marc-Alexander bring a zesty impudence to the line.

The show nods toward the traditional minstrelry of J. D. Rice, with a few broad darky jokes: "How long were you in Canada, Hokus?" "Same's here, Mr. Interlocutor—6 foot 3 inches." But such gags and one or two "beloved Stef-fan Foster melodies," outrageously burlesqued, are largely a means to get things energetically under way. The show quickly shifts into a series of sketches on concerns of the contemporary American Negro: the comparative merits of white and Negro policemen; "the Rev. Brother Luther Doctor Martin Junior King"; the Negro stud ("I'm all *Africa!*") and the white woman; lower-class vs. middle-class Negroes; Watts; some of the platitudes of Negro history (Crispus Attucks here is revealed as a terrified janitor shoved outside to protect the white folks when the redcoats started shooting).

The myths, fears and distortions—from both Negro and white viewpoints—surrounding such subjects are stripped away with varying degrees of satirical cleverness, insight and brash humor. And with frequent earthiness as well. The number of jests in one way or another involving male genitalia (suggesting the sexual background to the Negro-white condition, just as the repeated reference to janitors alludes to another, but less painfully examined, aspect of the problem) have stirred up considerable reaction. The Hearst *Examiner* editorialized on "smut . . . filth . . . bad theater and bad taste" and raised the possibility of "taxpayers" applying pressure to put the Troupe out of the theatre it borrows. And in his column in the same paper, Kenneth Rexroth warned of the dangers of "moral frivolity," and questioned how the course of history might have gone had Lenin ever shouted "Kerensky is a - - - - - !"

Included in the show—indeed, a high point of it—is a short film by Robert Nelson, *O Dem Watermelons!* In perfect thematic harmony to the live show, it reaches hilarious heights of irony when it persuades the audience to join the minstrels in singing a piece of Stepin Fetchit dialect as prelude to a ten-minute history of the oppression of the watermelon. The sad vegetable is kicked, stabbed, exploded, dropped, sawed, launched in a rocket, disemboweled, shot, and used to excite a young woman; but in the end, like a watermelon Keystone Kop, it pulls itself together and chases its tormentors into the distance.

Ultimately, *A Minstrel Show* allows the audience to celebrate its own

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sophisticated racial attitudes, but at the cost of being drawn up short by uneasiness from time to time. And despite a Brotherhood Week pitch in the final moments when the minstrels elaborately remove their gloves to reveal the color of their skin (three are Negro, three white), the audience is not let off the hook entirely. At best it is left to ponder whether an institutionalized civil rights industry, relentlessly homogenizing, does right by the race issue when it obliterates from public consciousness whatever is vaguely grotesque or stereotyped in the style and spirit of any one race.

Even before the park-permit fight and the première of *A Minstrel Show*, the Mime Troupe was in the middle of the what's-*really*-happening-in-S. F. scene. Now a lot more people know it exists; some of them even attend performances. It is safe to say their mettle will again be tested by the Troupe's forthcoming production, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

A Farewell Picture

My eyes look their twinned corridor far,
focus for a while, then lose again that
year it snowed the picture of the world
and radio clocks learned war by heart all night.

My father nailed only game with his rifle.
People, no; only the game — until
that year mistakes came up his arm and
shattered our snowflake faith's integrity.

Steady as ever was, but never again
so clear, so eager to be blind —
I see again and again that great snowflake
smash on my father's face like a valentine.

William Stafford

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

For all our self-conscious concern with the American past of contemporary American music, and with the heroism and originality of our lonely forerunners, our actual awareness of the musical identities of the composers and works that constitute this past was for a long time quite minimal. The central tradition of our own new music has been pre-eminently European; and Schoenberg, Stravinsky and Webern obviously have an immediate musical presence for us that Ives, Ruggles, Ornstein, Gruenberg, Weiss, Crawford, et al.—however nostalgically we invoke their names—simply do not. Traditionally, this phenomenon is explained as the inescapable result of the very environmental conditions that generated our prewar composers' loneliness, if not their originality; unquestionably, their total isolation within their own society and (for the most part) from other musical cultures was responsible for the almost complete absence of opportunities to encounter their works in performance. Yet their ideas had powerful consequences for postwar American music, and—perhaps even more important—their example and effort ultimately resulted in the radically transformed professional environment within which our composers can now live and function.

Thus it has remained a persistent American musical dream—especially among composers — to realize these early "advanced" works in performance, in the hope of discovering in them an interest and relevance as musical literature equivalent to their suggestive power as compositional approaches. And the new contemporary-music performance groups that composers have been establishing in American universities and elsewhere are beginning increasingly to address themselves to this literature. In fact, one result of this development has been the almost instantaneous re-recognition of Varèse as a major 20th-century master whose long unheard qualities had a remarkable revelatory force for music composed almost forty years ago. And Ives, whose "revival" had already been proceeding fitfully in the orchestral and recital domains, has suddenly emerged, against the contemporary background, as much less a solitary Paul Bunyan than a curiously ephemeral figure whose compositional and imaginative powers were simply overwhelmed by the complexities he had innocently unleashed with his transcendental whimsies; but who nevertheless did invent some remarkable local ingenuities of surface sound and rhythm. Ornstein, Gruenberg, Weiss and Crawford (except for her astonishingly prophetic string quartet) on the other hand are still generally unknown.

Of all these composers, however, the one whose name always had the greatest invocational cachet was undoubtedly Carl Ruggles. His appeal, sound unheard, to our contemporary consciousness was, from several points of view, irresistible: not only was his personal and professional obscurity most total of all, but his output was extremely limited, consisting of only a few works lasting a few minutes each, and each of which, moreover, had taken many years to compose. One could read in Charles Seeger's article on Ruggles in the old Henry Cowell collection of articles by American composers about their colleagues that: "At the present time [March, 1932] any critical study of Carl Ruggles and his work must proceed under this handicap—that the *Sun-Treader, magnum opus* of his mature period, which received its première in Paris on February 25, 1932, has not yet been performed in New York and cannot be considered except in so far as a pencil score, rather difficult to read, has been shown to friends." One realized incredulously that, aside from the publication of the score, exactly the same situation pertained thirty years later (and as far as a New York performance is concerned, pertains today).

Finally, a few years ago, a Ruggles record did appear, in Columbia's Modern American Music series; even this, however, was not free of its ironies: there is so little music on the record that (whether inadvertently or not) the last two bands contain the same piece (*Evocations*). Still, one could learn at last that Ruggles' reticence appeared to be related to a compositional responsibility and concern that compared attractively with Ives's careless prodigality; for instead of the wildly divergent masses of disparate sounds and textures poured out in Ives's music, Ruggles' effort in the recorded works appeared to be entirely directed toward the creation of a unitary coherence of texture and continuity. Thus each piece has a single textural curve—almost invariably from a quiet, thin-textured, middle-register beginning to a midpoint of maximal density, volume and registral dispersion, and then back again —created wholly out of the contrapuntal interrelation of continuously flowing "voices." Within the texture, as well as from one point to another in the textural succession, the co-

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herence of this curve is sustained by a complete equalization of elements: each voice traverses a similar "melodic" span that consists entirely of successive permutations of the same set of intervals, and the combinations of voices at every point produce an almost constant sonority of simultaneity—the achievement of which might alone have accounted for all the composition time involved.

This homogeneity extends to tone color as well: in the recorded works, all the "lines" are projected by maximally similar timbres; strings in *Lilacs* and *Portals*, and piano in the four *Evocations* (an earlier work, *Angels*, was scored in a version for muted brass, as well as one for strings). One had, throughout, the impression of an uncompromising concern for textural clarity; indeed, the "composing with intervals" becomes so manifest that there seems to be a one-to-one relation between the underlying structure and the presented surface, to the degree that "surface," in the sense of a multiplicity of perceptual levels, cannot be said to exist at all. Even the rhythmic profiles of the parts seem entirely determined for the clear acoustic projection of each attack. And in the *Evocations*, where the nonsustaining articulation of the piano generates a subtler, more "open" texture, the foreground pitch successions invariably seem only arpeggiations of the background sonority.

The very fact that this music demands observations of this nature suggests a degree of relation to our own music far beyond that of Ives. But further, one could hear in the *Evocations* of 1943 a subtle play of intervallic transformation that seemed to traverse—however belatedly—some of the concerns of Schoenberg's Op. 11 piano pieces; and not only did the expository "plainness" of the presentational surfaces evoke an "American" quality that links such disparate composers as Aaron Copland (of the 1930 Piano Variations) and Jim Randall (of the 1965 *Mudgett* for computer synthesis) but the relation in the concept of rhythm and line of the opening of *Portals* to the opening cello recitative of Elliott Carter's First String Quartet was strikingly evident.

Surely, then, one was confronted by an extraordinary artistic phenomenon. But, equally, the overconstraint through which Ruggles' qualities of coherence had been accomplished (by an obviously laborious empirical process) appeared to limit seriously the structural scope of his language to what amounted to a single relational event in each piece. In the end, all the pieces seemed fundamentally identical, and each in itself seemed equivalent only to a single event in a larger work. Neither Gunther Schuller's performance at Tanglewood last summer of *Men and Mountains* (which did add the timbral dimension of horns and strings, but again in such an invariant conjunction that the result was a single horn-string timbre throughout), nor most of the works performed on the Bowdoin College Ruggles Institute last January (including all those on the Columbia record plus *Angels* and the naive early song, *Toys*) significantly modified this view.

But the last concert of the Bowdoin festival, given in Portland, Me., by the Boston Symphony, included the first American performance of the *Sun-Treader*, a few days after the release, probably not entirely fortuitous, by Columbia of its first recorded performance. And indeed, Ruggles' first effort to extend his language into a longer-range continuity generates a differentiated continuity of an interesting kind. For in this work, textural curves of the *Portals-Lilacs* kind actually do function as single events in the total succession, and the construction in terms of alternations (for the most part) of recurring invariant blocks of texture produces a continuity remarkably like Varèse's. But where Varèse's events are single impulses, or complexes sharply isolated in time or register, Ruggles' continuously expand in line and register, generating a curious counterpoint to the underlying stasis. The most impressive aspect of *Sun-Treader* is the structure of instrumentation, which begins with all choirs doubling the same lines, then paralleling the increasing density of texture with increasing independence, and finally breaking into side-by-side passages for the individual sections alone before the final recurrence of the opening sonorities. And again, the associations with later American music are vivid: the measured tympani accelerando of the opening and the unison string writing that recall the Carter *Variations for Orchestra*, and the full-sonoritied opening followed by a "dissolve" into harp-wind chamber texture that remind one of Sessions—especially the Second Symphony—are particularly arresting.

In the end, however, the circumstances of this first performance were perhaps more interesting even than the work itself. *Sun-Treader* is hardly a fully realized work; in many respects, it seems the first important step toward a compositional integration that never took place. One wonders what the consequences might have been thirty years ago for Ruggles of the kind of university involvement in music that can now produce a Boston Symphony performance of a "new" work, engender the release of its recording, and make available regular performances of "advanced" contemporary music in places like Portland and Brunswick. The consequences of its absence, in all the uncomposed and incompletely achieved works by

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our principal musical progenitors, are all too abundantly clear.

RUGGLES: *Evocations.* John Kirkpatrick, piano. *Lilacs; Portals;* Juilliard String Orchestra; Frederick Prausnitz, cond. Columbia ML 4986.

Sun-Treader (with Robert Helps: Symphony No. 1). Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Zoltan Rosznyai, cond. Columbia ML 6201/MS 6801.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

Advance reports have extolled Pier Paolo Pasolini's *Gospel According to St. Matthew* for the reverence and simple piety with which it enacts the story of Christ's life and teachings. Cast with Sicilian village folk, it was, we were told, a work of creative imagination to supplant the succession of Biblical circuses that have been shown to us since the earliest days of moving pictures.

To be sure, the film is made in the bleakest style of Italian realism, with leaden skies, arid sets and a unifying pall of dust over man and nature; and this may signify sincerity, not to say religious fervor. But the effect is to diminish the great myth. The performers were chosen, I would guess, for the rough earthiness of their features, with no inquiry being made as to what use they could make of them. The result is a prevailing woodenness of countenance that induces a melancholy boredom. The Christ was selected, obviously, for his long oval face and thin-boned physique, but otherwise he is a disaster. He conveys petulance, short temper and vanity—a man less capable of attracting disciples or inspiring faith would be hard to find, and the fact that he bears a debased resemblance to medieval representations of Christ only induces a feeling of embarrassment.

The Gospels are prodigies of compression, and their poetic strength derives in large part from the economy of the telling. The film — and every New Testament film I have ever seen—thins and blurs the impression by spreading it across time and scenery. The recurring episode of the little band of Disciples scurrying along chalky roads to ill-defined destinations is dramatically flaccid. The experience of having the body of Christ's teachings flung at you in one continuous monologue, much of it delivered over the shoulder on the march, is unnerving. Matthew set down the words of the Lord years after the event; the attempt to render his selected recollections in a sustained flow of the world's most familiar quotations is grotesque. The miracles are transparent flimflam and inevitably give the impression that Christ was the first modern public relations expert. I had never seen the walk on the water attempted on film before; it turned out to be wading on a flat beach at low tide and I would have preferred to keep my sense of awe.

These flaws, though blatant in the present film, are generic to all New Testament pictures. The Bible is metaphor, allegory, poetry; it is not a movie script. It requires distance, imagery, tableau, if it is to be made visually persuasive and moving. *The Play of Herod*, as reconstituted by the late Noah Greenberg, still works superbly today.

One can argue, of course, that Christianity came out of just such scenes and just such people as the movie men have imagined. In that case, the surpassing miracle is the grandeur that the spirit and art of man has made of these meager resources. And in that case, further, the effect of such films as this is to unwork the miracle. There is no profit in it.

There's a pretty good socio-entertainment idea buried in *The Chase.* You take an old-style Western sheriff and set him the job of keeping peace in a new-style, oil-rich Texas town. Instead of rustlers and horse thieves, drifting gamblers and the girls upstairs, his wayward charges are millionaire playboys, bully-boy bank clerks and young married women with a craft, and a lust, for turning their men into swine. By extrapolating the old symbol of public decency into the rancid present you make vivid the point that even our vices have turned nasty. And of course a useful amount of violent incident can be worked into the moral tale.

It might not have been great art, but it could have been a great picture; with Lillian Hellman writing the screenplay, Arthur Penn directing, and Marlon Brando and E. G. Marshall in leading roles, it should at least have been memorable. Alas, the sets, the style of action, the characterization, motivation and dialogue, the sick relish for blood, are routine television criteria for high ratings. Only the sex is a little overt and seamy for the home screen; in this Texas milieu adultery appears to be a form of status display, and it is remarkable what a naughty girl can do with the word "pistol" in a town where all the men in the hangover set go about armed. But the picture will have to be cut to fit the one-hour, eight-commercial formula, and such titillations can readily be excised.

Responsibility for the sadly unenterprising goals of *The Chase* rests with Sam Spiegel, the producer, and Mr. Penn, the director. What Mr. Spiegel thinks of it I don't know (it is doing good business, so I have a guess), but Mr. Penn was interviewed not long ago by *The New York Times* and still more recently wrote a letter to that paper in which he denied statements and attitudes attributed to him by the interviewer. His feelings about the picture are thus not clear, but one cannot escape the impression that forces beyond his control—those summed up by the word "Hollywood"— are still operating in the post-Hollywood era.

The person one would really like to hear from is Brando. The public wastes its money when it pays admission to see the equivalent of what is available from the networks. But Brando wastes his talent when he appears in work that lacks originality of relationships or subtlety of expression, and that is a more grievous loss. He is good in *The Chase,* as he is almost always good—you cannot take your eyes from him; he never makes a meaningless gesture and he gets the results he needs with an economy of means that is theatre poetry. But once again the results are not worth his achievement of them, and Brando remains our most underexploited actor.

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